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TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

A TURKISH MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

BY DR. JEROME V. C. SMITH.

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TURKEY AND THE TURKS:

—OR,—

TRAVELS IN TURKEY.

DESCRIBING

CONSTANTINOPLE—THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TURKEY—CHARACTER OF THE TURKS—THE SULTAN'S HAREM—SERAGLIO POINT AND GOLDEN HORN—LIBRARY OF THE SERAGLIO—THE THRONE—THE METROPOLITAN MOSQUES—CUSTOMS IN CONSTANTINOPLE—THE BOSPHORUS—THE DARDANELLES—SMYRNA—CYPRUS—RHODES, ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY JEROME V. C. SMITH, M. D.

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TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

CHAPTER I.

TRAVELLING IN TURKEY.

One of the peculiarities of Turkey is this—that all land travel must necessarily be on the back of a horse, ass, mule or camel. There is not a carriage road in the empire smooth enough to trundle a wheel-barrow. Paths are called roads, and these are frequently so indistinct, even on the great routes from one city to another, that without a guide familiar with the way, it would be quite impossible to find any proposed place a day's journey distant.

Provisions must be carried for the animals as well as their riders, and apparatus, too, for cooking—coffee, sugar, prepared meats, hard bread, and fruits also. At night, the caravansaries are either yards or hovels. In cities, on the contrary, there are immensely large buildings for the accommodation of travellers.

It is a good precaution to procure, through the consul or minister residing at Constantinople, representing the traveller's country, a monstrosity called a firman. It is an official document on a large sheet of strong, coarse paper, bearing the signet of the Sultan.

In case of rude treatment by the subjects of the Sublime Porte, by showing the firman to the first official to whom access can be had, he will bow his head, stroke his black beard, smoke tremendously, exclaim "Bismillah!" God is great! and promise to do miracles in promotion of the complainant's objects. Under the authority of the firman, horses must be procured at a price the government pays for them when pressed into the public service for some temporary purpose. Distances are reckoned by hours, and never by miles or leagues—measurements of which the Turks are profoundly ignorant. Usually, a good horse will cost fifty cents a day in the interior—accompanied by a groom to take care of him. When hired in cities, the cost is from one piaster to two, by the hour. On completing the route for which the horse was hired, it is customary, to make the muleteer—for a mule carries the luggage, usually, a fee, under the name of backsheish. He bears the high-sounding title of *bsurroudjee*.

Couriers are always proffering their services, but they are knaves by profession, and it is quite easy to do without them—stipulate for a groom who goes with the horses, who can speak two or three languages of the country. Italian is of

very considerable assistance, as scarcely a town would be visited in a general exploration, in which somebody could speak it. A good servant of all work, an Armenian or a Syrian, who would also officiate as cook, adds much to the comfort, while it is economical.

Khans are very large one story buildings, rarely two—surrounding a court. Passing through a gate, which is closed at night, the animals are unladen—always remaining with the saddles on, however. Throughout Turkey, they are hampered by fetters or tied with a halter, fed, and the luggage taken into a dark, sometimes windowless, apartment, opening into the court.

A series of small rooms are for the accommodation of strangers, but without a particle of furniture of any kind—not even a lamp, a cup, or fuel is to be had. The rooms are dusty, dirty, and usually swarming with myriads of vermin.

Spreading the bedding brought on the mule, the traveller sleeps, if he can, in the midst of his effects. In the morning a small fee is paid to a guardian, but who has the money is a question, since it is understood that khans, generally, are pious gifts to the public.

Smyrna has several large khans, and Damascus, the capital of Syria, possesses the best in the East, in point of spaciousness. They exist in various parts of the Orient, and invariably present the same general features.

The money of Turkey is a poor, debased coinage—half of the ostensible silver pieces being mere fish scales in size and weight, with scarcely an appreciable amount of silver in them. Turkish gold coin is a little better, but that, too, is wofully debased, and no more should ever be taken than may be conveniently expended before leaving the country.

Every one that is met begs for bucksheish, whether he has been seen before or not. For the sake of keeping on good terms with those whom the traveller comes in contact, from fellahs or farmers, to pashas or local governors, presents are supposed to make friends. No provision for making friendships, however, in that manner, is necessary. A pipe of tobacco goes as far as a piaster. The more one gives in money, the sharper the appetite of all who see him, becomes for it. If it is once known that the individual actually gives away gold or silver, he is expected to repeat the operation.

The less show of means, the more secure for the traveller. A plenty of very small change facilitates business amazingly, as no one admits readily, that he can change a piece—because a hope is instantaneously raised that it may all be kept, if it cannot be exchanged for fractional parts.

A piaster is equivalent to about five cents—and forty paras make a piaster. There are half piaster pieces, double piasters, and even six piaster pieces. A purse is five hundred piasters. A Spanish dollar varies from eighteen to twenty-two piasters, in value, according to place—it being worth more in the interior where money is scarce, than in seaports, or large trading centres. Gold pieces of twenty piasters are in circulation, but it is not profitable to carry them about on jaunts, on account of the extreme difficulty in breaking them up into smaller change.

All Turkey abounds with dogs in numbers that bid defiance to enumeration. They are a perpetual annoyance at night, on account of their incessant barking, but rarely move about much through the day. When a traveller enters a small town or village, if in a Frank costume, the dogs recognize him as a novelty at once, and set up a tremendous barking, that is propagated from one house-top to another, where they frequently repose, as in Egypt, till the sun is down. A repetition of the reception, in point of uproar, pursues him on leaving the following morning.

Throughout the whole of the great city of Constantinople, the dogs are surprisingly numerous, sleeping by the sides of doors, on banks of filth, and nursing litters of puppies where they are most in the way. They are without masters, and without names of course. Generally, they are small in stature, of a dingy yellow, with sharp, thin jaws full of excessively wicked teeth, which they are disposed to show when disturbed.

It is at night, however, that they feel their own influence, and take possession of the empire. Tolerated as scavengers, the usual accumulations which in American cities are carted out for feeding swine, are thrown into the narrow lanes for those poor, half-famished animals. Their incessant hunger develops a ferocity that cannot be tamed or subdued by kindness.

Horses and dogs, when left to themselves, invariably organize a form of government which is severe in its requirements, and infractions are the signal of death. In South America, a single stallion, by an unknown process, takes sovereignty into his own keeping, and maintains his dignity by the force of his heels. When old, and almost blind, his honors are accorded to him by a rising generation, nor are attempts at

usurpation presumed to be ever attempted, while he is living. Dogs, on the other hand, do not appear to acknowledge a king. They divide themselves into sections, and district a city. Each division keeps to its own territory, and any attempt to trespass on the grounds of the others, invariably leads to bloodshed, and not unfrequently to the death of the offender.

An oligarchy and regal administration are equally out of the question—their instinctive system being unlike all others among animals, and certainly bearing no nearer approach to human combinations than the formations of tribes. No one dog appears to be clothed with more authority than another; and all, on the menaced or depredated province, fight with equal ardor for the defence of their common rights.

Egypt and Syria, in all the large towns, are thus subdivided by the dogs. I have seen them lying dead—the result of individual temerity, in running for luck on the property of others. Alexandria and Cairo exhibit these curious traits in the character of uncivilized dogs, to a remarkable degree. Even some of the principal thoroughfares in Cairo and Constantinople, are tabooed by the dogs, so that those on one side dare not run across the way to the other. Young puppies get many a bloody ear from their elders, before they learn their privileges, or comprehend the rights of their superiors.

Throughout Turkey, therefore, it is unsafe to go into a street after dark without a lantern, without which a man might be instantly torn to pieces. The dogs are kept at bay by a light, and that may be the reason why the law is imperative that no one shall go abroad after dark without one.

All Turkish cities are gloomy—excessively so in the evening. They are never lighted in any manner, and besides, they are extremely narrow, and the houses high. Not even the foreshadowing of a person can be seen before running up against each other, to the astonishment of both parties. There are no amusements whatever to beguile the time, in Turkey, except in Cairo, Constantinople, Alexandria and Smyrna. In each of those cities, a few Italians have contrived to have dances, small concerts, and in Constantinople an apology for a theatre for the recreation of strangers. But they are poorly sustained, command no talent, and consequently, gain no reputation.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

Under all circumstances, and in all places, the Turk exhibits a religious fervor that astonishes a Christian. His prayers are the first thought in the morning, nor does he ever omit the prescribed number through the day. It matters not who may be present, what necessities are pressing, he will on no account omit humbling himself before the throne of the Eternal. Religious homage is not an hypocritical ceremony to gain the applause of men, but a duty which is never neglected towards his Maker.

Of course, all the followers of Mahommed are Unitarians. They believe in the omnipresence of God, in his irrevocable decrees, his righteous ordinances; that Mahommed is his prophet, and all who believe him and conform to his divine precepts, will become inheritors of unutterable happiness, resembling that enjoyed on earth, but superior in degree.

Such is the strength of his faith, that he never supposes or admits the possibility of an error, or permits the intrusion of a religious doubt from any quarter. Despising all systems of religion or revelation differing from his own, he is perfectly tolerant of them all, however unlike the Moslem creed, provided nothing disrespectful is said or done in regard to the fold of the great Prophet of his adoration.

Religion is a powerful machine that is controlled by the state. When all other resources have failed, an appeal to the religious principles of the people rouses them to the highest point of desperation and even fury. A war of extermination is the penalty of assaulting the national faith, where the hope of gratifying a revenge for an insult of the gravest kind is but a feeble one. Life to them without religion, would not be worth having.

Death has no terrors to a Mahommedan, nor does he entertain a single doubt in respect to his favorable condition hereafter. Since the Koran is particularly indulgent to those who embrace its precepts, he not only lives in unrestrained physical indulgence here, as a reward for unshaken compliance with the revealed law of heaven, expressed in its bright pages, but a further and transcendently greater amount is fully anticipated in the paradise of the Prophet, with an unlimited capacity for never-tiring enjoyment.

Honesty appertains to their character in all the details of social, political or commercial intercourse. They cannot conceive of a motive for being otherwise. They therefore commit fewer crimes, as they are estimated by the Christian code, than disgrace countries that boast of their civilization, refinements and nice sense of honor, and Christian obligations.

A large number of misdemeanors which multiply criminals and tenant prisons to repletion with us, are not recognized as infractions of any law, either human or divine, in the Mahommedan code. Intemperance is a vice unknown in Turkey or its dependencies, beyond the sad and mortifying exhibitions they witness in nominal Christians. Consequently, another fruitful avenue to crime is closed by immovable barriers.

The religious element is inborn, and as it is developed and cultivated without interfering with the physiological laws and tendencies of their being, it is cherished with an ardor and fervency inconceivably strong, because it grasps at a further and interminable indulgence after death. To neglect or abandon their religion, therefore, would be to the total destruction of their prospects in the realms of bliss.

They invariably tell the truth, because there is no motive for deceiving. The Greeks, on the other hand, are notorious for their lying propensity and habitual practice of it. It was a pointed rebuke of a humble Moslem, that the Greek religion allows its professors to lie. In trade, their proverbial regard to every stipulation, is creditable in the highest degree to the national character. Neither bond nor note is requisite in transacting large commercial negociations. If a merchant agrees to deliver a thousand boxes of figs in Smyrna on a given day, they are there.

The Turk is particularly calm under very trying circumstances. He smokes in his moments of vexation, but never thinks. An impulse moves him to cut a Frank's throat, but he smokes the last whiff without betraying the slightest agitation. When the pipe is laid aside, in the twinkling of an eye, he is transformed into a fiend, whose satisfaction is to glut himself with blood.

Of all men, they are the most courteous. Of course, these observations apply to the best specimens, and not to the laboring classes, where the worst features of Moslem bigotry and rudeness predominate.

They dress neatly, but oddly, when contrasted with European clothing. Still, their's is the easiest, and does far less injury to health. No carotids or jugulars are unnaturally compressed by a cravat, inviting death by apoplexy. They never torture their heads in hard, unyielding hats, nor breed corns on their toes in shoes too small for the feet. Salams are gracefully performed, and the salutations are a succession of benedictions. There is a degree of calmness in their expression, and a mildness in their eyes, that ill accords with that ferocity which bursts forth at every pore when the sleeping lion is roused. Treachery, acquisitiveness, uncontrolled and undisguised selfishness, are prominent and all-absorbing traits of their character.

Although excessively fond of their young children, especially boys, their parental affection appears to decline as the offshoots increase in years, till they ultimately manifest little or no interest in them. Love for their wives is out of the question, upon the principle upon which such relations are established in Christian countries. There are no such sensations as moral sentiments. Hence a divorce follows any whim or temporary excitement of temper, and the market always has material for filling the vacant niche in their household. Wives are to be had of any description; the more accomplished commanding the highest prices.

A power of concealing their real feelings, either of hatred or approval, is even more adroitly managed than by the American Indians. When their passions are let loose, like tigers from a cage, nothing short of absolute physical exhaustion subdues their intensity. When the causes that roused them to madness, either in love or revenge, have passed away, they become docile, bland and mild as the moonbeams.

In the arrangements of everyday life, whether of business or pleasure, the Turks do nothing as we do. They sit on the floor, and never in chairs; shave their heads, but never the beard; wear turbans and not hats, which they keep on in the house, where we uncover. Their shoes are left at the door, but we wear them in. Instead of beds, they repose on divans—cushions piled up on low wooden benches—sleeping at night in the dress worn through the day. They eat with their fingers, and we with knives and forks. Smoking is the leading pursuit from youth to age. Wives are purchased, not won. Women in Turkey are shut up in harems, guarded by servants; with us they go where they choose, and look after the servants. They are uniformly veiled; here, they show their faces, wear pantaloons, too, while the men go without.

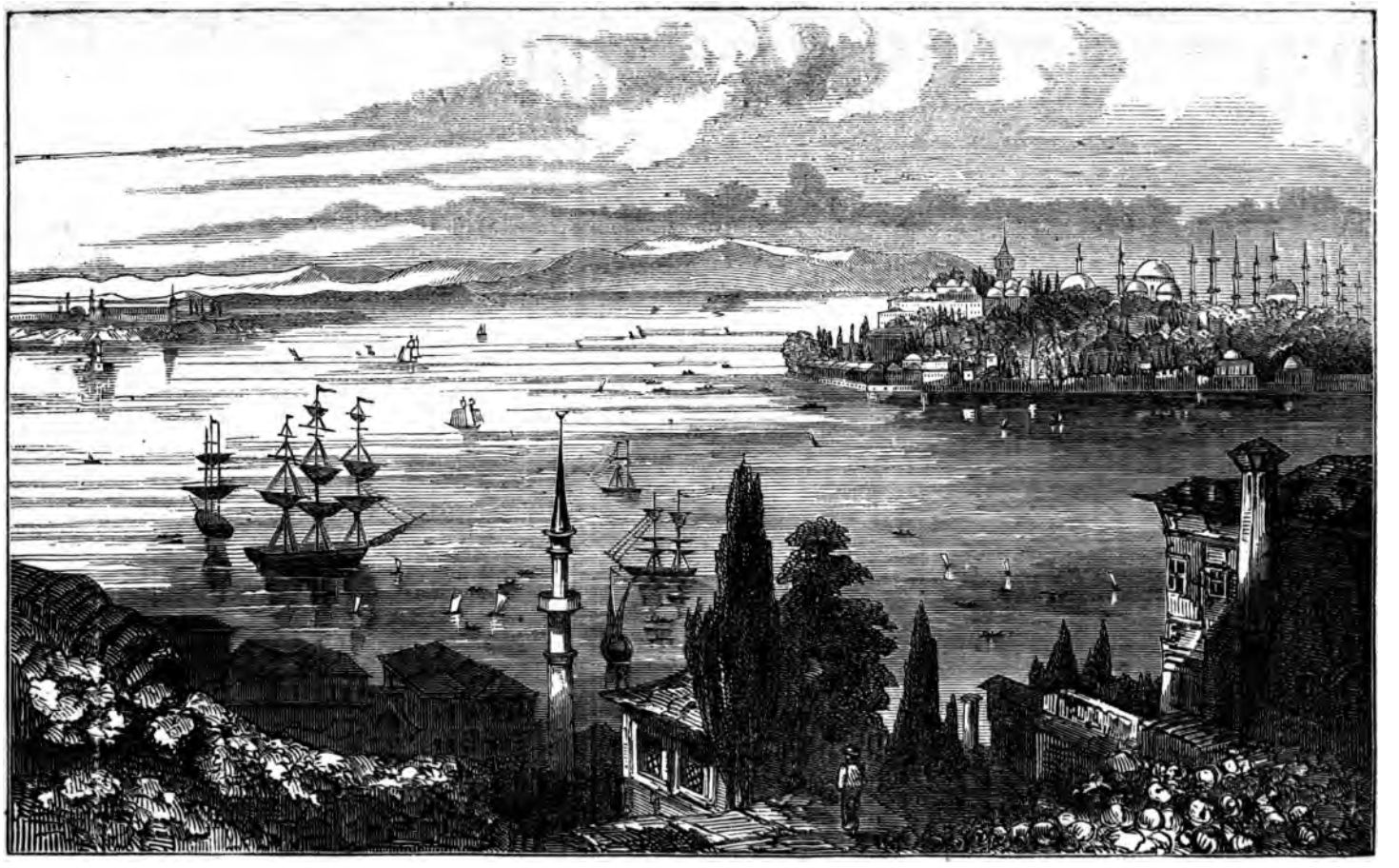
Without assigning a reason, the Turks are superstitious. One of their strongest apprehensions, and for which all proper precautions are taken, is the influence of the *evil eye* on the present condition and future prospects of individuals. Men supposed to be wise in matters in futurity, furnish minute directions for warding off various

calamities. They are held in peculiar respect; for without them, they could not anticipate the decrees that emanate from another world, or stay the maledictions of evil spirits.

The evil eye is uniformly dreaded by all Moslem believers. They shudder at the thought of its imaginary awful blight. They are truly fortunate who possess charms that withstand the terrific and incalculable effects that may arise from the mere gaze of an infidel. No malign influences are quite equal to the bright eye of the Christian, and consequently the clear-sighted Mahommedan endeavors always to be guarded and steeled against it. Even the most ignorant Arabs in the desert defend their camels, asses and children from the dreaded pollution, by suspending sentences from the Koran, sewed in little bags. I have often seen young camels and donkeys thus protected, in various parts of Syria. Servants are frequently met in Constantinople carrying children in their arms for air and exercise, on the fronts of whose little caps and miniature turbans are sacred words finely wrought in silver.

On the way to an exhibition of the *dancing dervishes* one morning, in Pera, I passed a servant carrying a beautiful boy, richly dressed, perhaps two years of age, on the fore part of whose head-dress was a line set with brilliants, of a very costly character indeed. A friend translated it thus: "*Look not with evil intent on what God has given.*"

While the poorer but devout subjects of the Sultan cannot afford to spell holy sentences with diamonds, they hold in equal abhorrence the glare of a foreign stranger's optics. So they meet the difficulty with paper scraps, written by a priest. They expect that the worst of consequences must, of course, follow the wicked look of a Christian—an uncircumcised wretch, who takes pleasure in blasting the happiness of the faithful. How the idea first originated, has not been explained to me. That it has been kept up by the priesthood, who derive a very satisfactory revenue from this universal dread of the evil eye, is quite probable. The Greek, Jew, Armenian and Christian are all capable of inflicting the bane.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE—SERAGLIO POINT. SEE PAGE 18.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TURKEY.

SULTAN, pronounced *Sooltan*, is the ordinary title of the reigning sovereign; but in state papers he is called *Padisha*, or the Father of all Kingly Rulers; *Imaum ul Musleminn*, Pontiff of Musulmen; *Alem Penah*, Refuge of the World; *Zil-ullah*, Shadow of God, and *Hunkair*, The Slayer of Men.

Mahommed II., father of the present Sultan, was a man of extraordinary energy, and truly imperial in his bearing. His face was exceedingly expressive, and his powers of mind were far in advance of the nation over which he ruled. He guarded with vigilance his own prerogatives, and to secure his throne against the contingency of an attack from the Janizaries, butchered them by wholesale. In ridding the empire of an ungovernable, ferocious body of soldiers, who had discovered that they could make or unmake Sultans at their pleasure, he laid the foundation of personal security for the sovereign, which none of his predecessors had enjoyed, although armed with the power of life and death.

Mahommed was either a slack worshipper at the shrine of Mahommed, of whom he was a lineal descendant, or one of the vices, regarded in Turkey as confined to Christian sects, got an ascendancy, which he had not the moral courage to withstand—that was intemperance. It is a matter of history that he actually died a victim to habitual intemperance—the last moments of life being a death struggle with delirium tremens.

His successor, the present Sultan, Abdul Megid, was taken from the harem as soon as Mahommed breathed his last, placed on horseback, had the great sword of state buckled on, and rode through the narrow streets of Constantinople for the multitude to see, while the roar of artillery announced the commencement of a new reign. When this event took place, the youthful Sultan was but seventeen years of age. What could he have known of government, or of the dispositions or tendencies of the empire?

The procession led off towards the old seraglio —that mysteriously arranged cluster of palaces, in which the orgies and murders through a long line of half savage despots have been conducted in a way which no tongue has dared to reveal. Still lying on the death divan, the body of Mahommed had not been dressed in a shroud, before Megid arrived in one of the state apartments, where were to be commenced the first exhibitions of his uncontrolled majesty.

One of the American missionaries, who has resided twenty-nine years in the capital of Turkey, was an eye witness of the magnificent pageantry of this public display, when the timid boy was inaugurated the ruler of forty millions of subjects. He informed me that at evening, his good old aunt sent him a present of seven beautiful female slaves to commence a royal establishment.

Such is the force of custom, and such, too, a measure that gives dignity and honor to the throne of the grand Sultan of Turkey. Although Androssi and other commentators on the institutions of Turkey, assert that a few days after the death of a Sultan the successor is inaugurated by having the sword of Osman girded upon him by the superior of the whirling dervishes, they have made a mistake. Certain it is, that Sultan

Megid was taken from the seraglio immediately after the death of his extraordinary father, the most determined and kingly of the race, followed by the ulemas and all the great dignitaries of state, to the Mosque of Eyoub, where the august, semi-barbaric ceremony of putting him in possession of unlimited authority was completed. Eyoub was a dear and intimate friend of Mahommed, which explains the preference given to the venerated mosque that bears his name. Instead of Osman's sword, a new one is provided on each inauguration, and the whole series, safely deposited in the arsenal already referred to, which we saw, are choicely kept as important historical memorials.

Megid is a man of medium height, slender, with a lack-lustre eye, a fatigued expression of face, and a very black beard. I was assured that he was a man of good intentions, but neither brilliant, original nor remarkable in any respect, aside from the destiny of his position. He has one brother, claimed by the dissatisfied party—those opposed to progression, which they conceive to consist in urging the customs and fashions of the Christian nations of Europe—to be the representative and hope of the orthodox school of Mussulmen.

Both custom and policy require that a prince standing so near the throne, should be kept out of sight of the people. Any popular commotion might unexpectedly stand in the way of the Sultan, as was the case when Mahmoud was substituted for his imperial brother without a moment's warning, when the Janizaries strangled their royal victim. Megid has three sons, without ever having been married. No such tie as matrimony is required of the commander of the faithful. Should he happen to die before his brother, the never seen heir apparent would instantly be brought forward, instead of either of the Sultan's children—the law of usage making it imperative that the oldest male branch of the imperial family shall inherit the sword and its appurtenances. Former Sultans never flinched from putting their brothers to death immediately, when either affection, policy or ambition prompted them to have one of their own children stand next to the throne.

A royal nephew is an unheard-of existence in Turkey. Neither a brother nor sister of the Sultan is permitted, under any pretext whatever, to allow a male child to live. The exactions of the Divan extend to remote relations—even the son of a niece is instantly strangled after birth. An unsleeping vigilance of the great officers of state, through the eunuchs, the Kislar Aga and his minions, anticipates the possibility of saving a royal-blooded boy alive, however distant in relationship to the Padisha.

It is a well known fact that the sister of the present Sultan, Mihr ou Mah Sultana, daughter of Mahmoud II., was given by her father in marriage to Said Pacha, and that her life was a murderous sacrifice to the barbarous law of the royal seraglio. She was fully assured of the impossibility of saving her child about to be born, should it be a male, and with a view to gratifying her father, she resolved to forestal a dreaded murder, by procuring an abortion. One of those who practise the art of fœtal murder as a distinct profession, was employed, and both mother and child perished. The princess breathed her last in horrible convulsions. Mahmoud actually wept at the dreadful intelligence, and swore no more infantile lives should be sacrificed to meet the requisitions of a horrible policy. But the Sultan died himself a few months after, before a test case came up. I have seen the sarcophagus in the magnificent mausoleum in a group of her brothers and sisters, a few feet from the body of her father.

In 1842, Ateya, meaning the pure, also a sister of Sultan Megid, and wife of Halil Pasha, was in a family way. Astrologers—the tools of the court, and especially in the service of the kadines, the favorite wives of the Sultan, through the agency of the eunuchs, predicted that the child would be a son. They had already had one that was strangled immediately after being ushered into the world. Halil, being vastly rich and powerful, too, from being a brother-in-law of the Sultan, exerted every influence money would accomplish in the way of bribes, to save the innocent unborn, should it be a male. Even the mother of Megid, the Sultana Vilida, whose position is exalted in all respects, brought her maternal influence to bear on the Sultan, in behalf of his sister. So adroitly were the determinations of the Divan conducted, that the deluded mother—for she bore a beautiful boy—gloried in having triumphed over the bloody usages of her royal family, and she nursed and fondled the sweet infant with a rapture a mother only comprehends.

In the meanwhile, the mothers of the Sultan's three sons gave Megid no peace, declaring that Ayeta's prince might live, perhaps, to supercede their own. The fatal word was given, and when

Ateya, on awaking the following morning, told the attendants to bring the darling of her heart from the rich cradle, they handed a lifeless body! Shocked beyond expression, the wretched mother was thrown into fearful convulsions. On their partial subsidence, a delirium supervened, and seventy-five days after she died a victim of the most wicked and demoralizing policy that ever disgraced humanity. I have also seen her sarcophagus, in proximity with others of the family.

Rarely more than three of the Sultan's own immediate male offspring are permitted to live, but all other relationships to the throne are absolutely cut off in the first dawn of existence. When a Sultan has no male children, then state policy requires that a brother's child should be held in the light of heir apparent. Ninety-two of the Omiad dynasty were put to death, simply because they had royal blood in their veins, on one occasion, by order of the Abasside Kaliph, Abdullah I.

In the harem of the Sultan, in which the number of children annually born is estimated to be very large, not one of them is permitted to live, if the mother is not a kadine—one of a select number, rarely exceeding seven, exclusively recognized as capable of bearing royal children. They are chosen from the odalisques—beautiful females of the imperial harem—generally Circassians and Georgians, purchased when children. No marriage ever takes place, and the Sultan may dismiss any or all of them at his pleasure, and install a new set. Those outliving him can never enter the harem of another, or be married. When a Sultan dies, the kadines are removed to the Eski Serai, to end their days in perfect solitude.

Some good anecdotes are related of Megid, that show him to be honest, inclined to benevolence, to justice, and sometimes playfulness, although it is extremely difficult for a being placed at the top of the dizzy pinnacle he occupies, to relax from the solemn dignity with which his throne is invested. Just before my arrival at Constantinople, the Sultan one day happened to pass by a small Italian theatre that has been erected for the amusement of foreigners. He was accompanied by his three sons. Casting his eyes upward and seeing the edifice, he inquired what it was for? When informed that plays were exhibited there, he instantly declared that he would go in and inspect it. It was with some difficulty that the janitor could be found, it being about midday. However, his great majesty made an entrance, and commanded a play to be commenced! Everybody was put upon a whirl like a tee-totum, in pursuit of the company, who were gathered with extreme difficulty, from different parts of the city.

Brought together in such haste, by order of the Sultan, the poor fellows arrived, out of breath and exhausted, and in a state of apprehension, not knowing but a bowstring was ready for their necks. It was impossible to commence acting under such circumstances, even had the piece been commanded. Megid looked on with a kind of astonishment that people could be simpletons enough to derive pleasure from a theatrical performance! His reasoning was precisely upon the principle of the savage, who wondered the English could sleep on a bed of feathers, as he put but a single one under his body, on a clean stone, and he was no more comfortable than if it had not been there at all.

Word circulated extensively, that some kind of commotion had occurred at the theatre, and a crowd collected, staring and waiting to ascertain what was transpiring within. Thinking it might be a fine sight to have the house full, no sooner thought than said, and the Sultan gave directions for filling the seats instanter from the rabble without.

A new phase now came over the multitude, and away they fled as fast as their legs would carry them, fearing, in turn, that their necks might be wanted in the public service. However, enough were forced in for his majesty to observe the effect, when he withdrew without comment, and the subjects of the Sublime Porte made their exit, ejaculating, "*Allah Kerim!*"—God is great.

That Megid is tolerant, is obvious from the protection given by the government to all denominations of worshippers, whether Christians, Jews or others. His council have had the sagacity to discover that there is progress in the world, and that Turkey cannot prevent intercourse, nor maintain its antiquated civil and military institutions, in the flood of light pouring in from abroad. Mahmoud saw it and profited by what was obvious—that knowledge is power. The reforms he introduced in the discipline of the army, a less bloody administration than characterized his predecessors, influenced his successor, and that policy, with a naturally amiable temper has vastly increased the happiness of Turkey, and insured the security of lives and property of strangers.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

If Paris is France, then Constantinople is Turkey. In all its details, it is an anomaly. Its location is unsurpassed in beauty—both land and water are so connected as to enhance the loveliness of the scenery beyond that of any other city on the globe. For commerce—situated between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, with that transcendently splendid link in the aquatic chain, the Bosphorus, swarming with caiques, steamers and ships from every clime—Constantinople has no parallel.

[For view of Constantinople, Seraglio Point, see page 18.]

If any one spot is destined to become the principal mart of the whole world, in after ages, it will be there. But these are reveries, and I shall speak, therefore, of what it is, and not what it may be when the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves over the east—as they surely will—and the races now in the occupancy of the garden of Asia Minor, pass away into utter forgetfulness.

Narrow lanes, badly paved, or not paved at all, running irregularly everywhere, without names, and never lighted at night, are gloomy and forbidding at dark.

Constantinople is strangely walled, and entered from various points, both from the country and the water, through gates that bear significant names. Without special care in passing through any one of them, on account of being thrown wide open, they would escape observation. Here is the Bagdsche Kapussi, known as the route taken by ambassadors on their way to audiences. The Batikbassar Kapussi, commanding the fish market, near a celebrated boat landing; that of Edrene, or Gate of Adrianople, which under another name is known to have existed in the year 625—the epoch of a famous siege in the reign of the Heraclius. A celebrated church at that period stood near, held in peculiar reverence by the Greeks, on account of containing a chest in which the priests taught the people to believe were the garments worn by the Virgin Mary. In all Constantinople there are nearly thirty gates, but far from being in good condition and could not offer much resistance to a rabble disposed to force a way into the city.

A history of its origin, and the extraordinary changes through which it has passed since it was taken from the Greeks, may be found in various writings; hence a rehearsal of them here would be unnecessary. At present, it is an immense city, having three centres—points where the buildings are wedged together very compactly, and principally constructed of inflammable materials. When a fire breaks out, a desolating conflagration invariably follows, because the inhabitants have none of the apparatus of civilized countries for controlling or subduing it, nor the discipline, energy or interest to make an effort. So it crackles and burns, the sparks fly, the wind wafts the blazing clapboards through the air, and away they go, propagating terror and destruction, till everything combustible is

converted into ashes all the way to a clear field. When nothing more remains in the wake of the flames, the fire dies out; and the calmly smoking spectators, seated on cushions to watch the raging element, raise their optics devoutly to the sky, puff a long ribbon whiff of smoke, and as it goes curling towards the zenith, exclaim: "*Bismillah!*"—God is great!

A large proportion of all the inhabited houses are of wood, two or three stories high. An immense consumption of lumber, therefore, is demanded to rebuild after every conflagration, to construct new and keep in repair the whole. Teams cannot be employed to haul it through the cramped streets, and the people have ingeniously resorted to the following method of conveying materials to the places where they are required. Half a dozen boards, for example, are tied at one end, as fagots are bound, which are lashed to the shoulders of a donkey, balanced by an equal number on the opposite side. Thus they go dragging them along, to the imminent danger of the toes of all they pass.

In every direction there seems to be a never-ending procession of asses buried up in the load, the extremity of which, spread out like a fan on the ground, sweeps and scratches the passage as they move. The effect is ludicrous when observed for the first time; but a stranger soon becomes accustomed to the oddities of everyday life in Constantinople, which are the antipodes of common economy everywhere out of Turkey.

No door has a name upon it; and if it had, nobody could understand it, for not one in many thousands can read a syllable either of their own or any other language—and worse still, it is extremely difficult to pronounce a native cognomen when it is known. Runners meet travellers and recommend certain lodging places on account of being fire-proof. Myself and a few countrymen deposited ourselves at Pera—one of the three divisions of the city in which foreigners principally reside—in a salamander house; but lo, it turned out that the kitchen was enclosed in a stone box, secured with iron doors, and not our apartments! The proprietors provide their customers something to eat, if they have no where to sleep.

Burying yards, great and small, being of various dimensions, are in the very heart of some of the densely settled parts—evolving incalculable amounts of nephitic gases destructive to the public health. Those immediately on the verge of the town, beginning in Pera, where the houses stop, are kept perpetually damp and unwholesome by thickets of tall gloomy cypresses that exclude the sun's rays; and thus pestilence is generated, and death starts a mission of unheard-of mortality, every few years.

The wonder may well be entertained why Constantinople has not been depopulated. Plague, dogs, graveyards and universal out-door nastiness, however, have found their match with the Turks.

Oddity is impressed on whatever one sees; and yet these smoking, salaming, backsheish-coveting disciples of Mahommed have their comforts and conveniences in their own way, which is more than we have always in a free government. It is a crime to be very rich, for money is a weapon of which the rulers are in fear.

Some of the Armenian bankers have heretofore been honored with a silk halter, or had their heads chopped off without an apology, because the state stood in need of replenished coffers.

In the cemetery of Balykly is a marble box, bearing an inscription illustrative of what has often been done in the way of murdering a man for his property. It is in Armenian, which translated, reads thus:

"Here reposes the mortal remains of Erzanyan Aretin, banker to the Sublime Porte. His virtues were resplendent as the gold he had amassed by industry and fair dealing. His charity was boundless, his word inviolable, and his piety transcendent. He gave to all and owed to none. He bade adieu to his weeping family upon the 7th of July, 1795, trusting to Almighty Grace, and blessing the hand that opened for him the gates of paradise."

If a Turk has an establishment—and a harem adds to the reputation of a gentleman, as it is an evidence of means—it is equivalent to keeping a coach in Christendom. In other words, position is everything, and this is one way they estimate it. A man's good name or fame, without money or women, would not give him the society of a donkey. With the first, the second grand element of distinction can be purchased at the Yessir Bazary.

The bazaars, the shops, the bakers, the food sold in the streets, the cut of the garments, the veiled females gliding about in yellow boots, the grave deportment of most of the faces met, the singularity of the customs that are discoverable at every corner, the magnificence of some edifices and the wretchedness of others, the mosques, the stillness—save when the muezzins call to

prayers from the tall slender minarets—take a strong hold of the stranger. He sees that the genius of Mahommedanism cannot live on terms of friendship with pure Christianity.

Probably there may be very inviting cafes, but we never saw one that was not begrimmed by smoke, and filthy from the perpetual lounging habits of the unceasing smokers. Coffee is served in cups scarcely larger than half an egg-shell, black, thick and strong, without cream or sugar. One of the amusements consists in listening to professed story-tellers, while puffing at their long pipes—which a Turk seems always to have in his mouth. If the actor, for such it is, possesses a tact, he carries his auditors through every shade of feeling, from sympathy to rage. Some of the performers are distinguished for talents in the line of their vocation.

Another amusement of the coffee-rooms is to have a male dancer introduced, who bears a faint resemblance to an unveiled female, who rants, rattles his castanets, and cuts such ungraceful antics, as would disgust more refined spectators.

[See engraving on page 21.]

Readers of botanical works are familiar with the history of the discovery of coffee, its introduction into the system of Oriental diatetics and subsequent diffusion over the whole habitable globe; but it may nevertheless be interesting to present an epitome of the circumstances attending its advent, for the purpose of showing the struggle in which the Mahommedan rulers were fiercely engaged for a long while, in vainly attempting to prevent it from being used by the true believers. It reminds us of the herculean efforts of King James against tobacco. Both were abortive, although set on foot and maintained with unremitting severity by the determined spirit of despots.

Sometime about the year 1258, of our era, a dervish called Hadji Omer, for some at present unknown cause, was driven out of the community at Mocca, by his brethren. Hunger induced him to roast the *Kahhva* berries growing spontaneously about a lonely retreat where he had hidden himself. It seems that the plant was familiar, from having a name, but the virtues of the fruit never suspected. He was compelled to cook them by roasting, as the only means of sustaining life, cut off from all other resources. Steeping them in the water that quenched his thirst, he discovered very agreeable qualities, and also that the infusion was nearly equal to solid food.

In the meanwhile, those who had expelled him from the common domicile, in their wanderings, came to the retreat of the dervish, whom they supposed to have died of starvation long before. They surprised Omer in the act of preparing his newly-discovered beverage. Of course, they tasted it, were delighted, and on their return gave an account of the miraculous manner in which he had been sustained. This led to further experiments, the restoration of Omer to good fellowship, and also to the personal consideration of the sheik or governor of Mocca. Omer turned out a bad fellow in the end; yet he was properly transmuted into a saint, and his memory is held in peculiar veneration as a pious man and a benefactor to mankind.

Not far from 1555, some Arabians opened a shop in the bazaar at Constantinople for the sale of coffee, which appears to have been sold ready for drinking, in a small way, previously. This preparation for meeting the demand for a new luxury, roused the anger of the Mufti. Murad IV. joined in a fanatical crusade against it, because the true faith anathematized whatever had been charred or coaled, as an article of food. Coffee rooms rapidly increased, however, for it met an unsatisfied appetite. It is now impossible to form any just estimate of the consumption of coffee in Constantinople. There are computed to be three thousand rooms set apart for the indulgence of coffee-drinkers—smoking being the legitimate accompaniment.

Rebellions, conspiracies and atrocious crimes against the lives of pashas, court favorites, and even the Sultans, have been so frequently concocted in these universal haunts of the citizens, that they are watched with eagle vigilance by the police. The plan for the destruction of Osman II., 1617, who was strangled by the Janizaries at the age of nineteen, originated in a coffee room. He was a contemporary with King James I. of England. Since the murder of that turbulent body of soldiers, who made or dethroned Sultans at their pleasure, no apprehensions from that source are entertained. No Sultan ever felt secure a single moment in his palace, while the Janizaries were in existence. Mahmoud II. had the boldness to conceive, and the energy to accomplish, their thorough destruction; and his son Megid, therefore, is the first of the long line of Turkish emperors who has had nothing to fear from sudden popular outbreaks from his own soldiers in the capital of the empire.

DANCER AT A TURKISH CAFE.—SEE PAGE 20.

CHAPTER V.

OFFICERS OF STATE.

The Grand Vizier is, theoretically, the first and most important personage in the government next to the Sultan. Still, the black eunuch, who is constantly brought in contact with the sovereign, from the peculiarity of his functions, is truly more influential, and has a better opportunity of influencing the opinions of his master, than any other man in the nation, however exalted his official station.

A council of ministers is termed the divan, of which the Sadrazan, or the Vizier, is president. The Kaimakan is a singular kind of officer, whose business is to represent the Grand Vizier in processions, when he happens to dislike the occasion or fatigue of the ceremony; or he sits to represent him in the department of state, when he does take it into his head to appear before the people on certain occasions.

The Seraskier Pasha, commander-in-chief of the land forces, Tophdgi Pasha, commander of the artillery, Capudan Pasha, commander of the navy—who is positively absolute in whatever relates to the marine forces—while the Tersana Emini is the minister of marine, Reis Effendi, secretary of state for foreign affairs, Tefterdav Effendi, minister of finance, Kiaja Bey, minister of the interior, Chiaoush Bashi, minister of justice.

The Stamboul Effendi is prefect of police, in Constantinople, who secures public tranquillity and security. The Sheik Islam is the Grand Mufti, equivalent to the lord bishop of Canterbury—being the head and fountain of religion, and also of the law. Whenever it is his master's pleasure to put him to death, a fundamental ordinance of the empire requires it can be done in no other way than by pounding him in a mortar.

Immediately below these are various orders of dignitaries in the administrative department, quite too numerous to particularize in this brief outline of the organization of the government. In all respects, they correspond to public servants of all grades necessary for conducting the machinery of state in all countries. The only essential difference is in their names, rather than duties. The royal household, however, is conducted wholly unlike any other imperial establishment on earth, and naturally enough took the direction which polygamy and exhaustless resources would be likely to assume.

Without narrating the customs that were formerly dominant, in which the Kislar Agha had the Sultan's ear almost exclusively, and combined with the great office of keeper of the maidens, that of a minister of state, the court etiquette of to-day will only be considered.

One of the barbarities attending the domestic establishment of the Sultan, is the large body of

black and white eunuchs. They are poor, feeble, half-developed creatures, maimed and degraded in boyhood, that they may be spies and masters over a collection of the most beautiful females that can be procured. They are, of course, without families or relatives. Some of them, who have been favorites either with the Sultan or the ladies, have occasionally amassed considerable money. This is winked at in them when it would not be tolerated in others.

Their position is singular in all respects, but far from enviable in the estimation of the masses. If an error should be detected in one of the ladies, woe to the eunuch—his head would be chopped off as quickly as an offending odalisque could be drowned in a sack.

Those who have made themselves familiar with the duties of the various confidential officers about the Sultan and his immediate family household, concur in this, that the Kislar Agha has unlimited authority over the females of the royal apartments. He enters or goes out at his pleasure. It is the most confidential post within the gift of the ruler. Of course he is an eunuch, an African, and a purchased slave. His title is Dar-us Siadet Aghaci, which means, literally, master of the palace of felicity—ranking with the vizier. In going to mosque with the Sultan, he follows the Capudan Pasha.

The present Kislar Agha is quite a small person, and quite black. He and his assistants are spies upon the kadines and all other females in the royal palaces and harem, and are permitted to gather property. Some of them, through the munificence of their imperial sovereigns, have accumulated large fortunes, which invariably fall to the Sultan at their decease, as does that of their superior.

Eunuchs are sure to bring large prices, if they are well grown, properly trained, and are mutilated in the improved manner—an awful maiming process, exceedingly destructive to life; for scarcely one in twenty survives the revolting operation to which they are subjected while boys. In my Pilgrimage to Egypt, a detailed account is given of the cruelties practised upon poor African lads, to fit them for safe servants in the harems of Egypt, Persia and Turkey. They seem to feel the importance of their position, and conduct themselves over their dependents with a haughtiness of carriage becoming more dignified personages. They are petted both ways—by the ladies and the proprietor—for the sake of the favors at their disposal. In the harems of pashas, their duties are precisely what they are in the palace; but the position is not so influential or lucrative.

A degree of mystery hangs over the origin of the white eunuchs. We saw several of them sitting listlessly about the corridors of the unique building within the old seraglio enclosure. They had small features, were beardless, imperfectly developed, and had a feeble, shocking gait. Where they are procured, by whom they are emasculated, their price, or the duties assigned to them, could not be satisfactorily ascertained. I am inclined to the opinion that black are in higher repute than white eunuchs.

From the earliest ages in Asia Minor, eunuchs have been in request, and for the same purposes that they are still prized for in Mahommedan countries, viz., to guard the females of harems. It shows that polygamy has been an institution, or rather an outrage on the rights of the sex for thousands of years; and the only hope of their emancipation and the recognition of their wrongs wholly depends on the benign influence of Christianity, where the darkness of Mahommedanism has debased and demoralized so large a portion of the human race.

A gentleman familiar with the language, and who interested himself in procuring facilities for conducting investigations in Constantinople, proposed to make me acquainted with a German woman, who has been the midwife of the Sultan's harem ever since he assumed the reins of government; on account of the extraordinary revelations it was in her power to make, illustrative of the internal economy of that blue chamber where no *natural man* ever enters, save his imperial highness, the Padisha himself, who is styled in those mysterious premises, Shadow of God!

He assured me that if she had a mind to write simply what she knew from actual observation of the harem, its varied transactions of all kinds and hues, it would be astounding beyond any revelation ever made. To my regret, circumstances not easily controlled, being in company with persons who were in haste to leave for Greece, the interview was prevented. She will doubtless be paid her price for keeping still, for were she to return to Germany and make a book, what a work it would be!

A Caftan Aghassy, keeper of the robes, Tootoonjee, or head pipe-keeper, Tehokadar, chief of the indoor servants, Khaznadar, treasurer, Khavejee Bashy, coffee keeper, Kilargee Agha,

store keeper, Sofrajee Bashy, table ornamenter, Berbee Bashy, barber, Imrakhar, groom of the stables, Vekil-harj Agha, clerk of the kitchen, Harem Kihayassy, harem provider, Ashjee Bashy, head cook, Harem Aghassy, first eunuch, Caponjy, head porter, Saire Bashy, first groom, Saraedar, first factotum, are all important fellows in their way.

Of the eyalets, or provinces, into which Turkey is sub-divided, it is sufficient to remark that there is a court with a president, under the title of Molab, and a Mufti, or attorney. A Sanjiak is a province, in which a great law officer, a Kadi with his inferior assistants resides.

In Constantinople, the number of clerks attached to all and every grade of office for conducting the state and municipal affairs is enormously large. Blanks not being printed, to any extent, and the utility of the press in facilitating business apparently unknown, or at least, not acknowledged, the government is precisely in the condition of the kingdoms of Europe before the discovery of printing. Every record and every document are executed with a pen. Accuracy, therefore, and despatch, requires a vast body of writers—even a censor to see that mistakes are not made, is indispensable. Perhaps there are 5000 pen-clerks in the service of the Sultan in Constantinople, whose pay is quite small, valuable as their services are.

As with us, the heads of departments, however unimportant they may be, get all the pay, and do but little themselves; while the real laborers sustain the fatigue and drudgery, and scarcely enough is paid them to sustain life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

WITHOUT circumlocution, the fact may be promptly stated, that polygamy is an institution that has been sustained and nurtured by the Turks in every stage of their history. They did not originate it, nor have they essentially modified the system, as it has existed from the days of Lamech, who was the first notable of a remote antiquity who, in the quaint language of the Old Testament, "took unto him two wives."

Some physiologists look to the unalterable laws of physiology in search of an apology for this perverse custom in the character of the climate of the East; but the Christian philosopher, the philanthropist, and all who acknowledge that females have political rights, social claims, religious hopes and accountabilities, are horror-stricken at the promulgation of a doctrine so repugnant to the moral sense, and the supposed revealed will of God.

From an early period—far back in the patriarchal days of nomadic simplicity—the vice of polygamy and concubinage was firmly established through all phases of society. In every country of the Orient, among the most refined, as well as with barbarians, the usage of having more than one wife has prevailed, and still remains in universal force.

When Mahommed developed his plan for regenerating the people of his day, who had plunged into a universal corruption of manners and idolatry, he originated nothing new in the marital relations, but simply incorporated with his own, a practice already venerable for its age. He had the sagacity to perceive that it would be impossible to legislate against a plurality of wives, had he entertained the idea of doing so; and he therefore defined the rights of his faithful followers, being careful to show them sufficient indulgence in case that four legal helpmates were insufficient to occupy all the space in their capacious hearts, with as many more as they chose to procure under another name. But all beyond the prescribed number were to be nothing more than purchased servants, at the perfect disposal of their absolute masters.

Writers of distinction not unfrequently resolutely assert that this odious feature in the organization of Moslem society is wearing away. And with this declaration, high hopes are expressed of a complete revolution, which must unquestionably elevate female character, and signally change the entire moral aspect of Turkey. This is really ridiculous, and without foundation. The very life and perpetuity of Mahommedanism is based essentially on polygamy. When that is willingly abandoned, then the very government itself will cease to exist.

On account of the immense expense of main-

taining four wives in equal state—which is an expensive affair with a great Turkish dignitary—even the richest among them have found economy required that their household disbursements should be regulated according to their ability to meet them, without pecuniary embarrassment. To this end, therefore, the installation of one wife is quite enough for multitudes of discreet, money-loving gentlemen in long beards and turbans; but they solace themselves for the deprivation of what the Koran allows, by purchasing scores of female servants of all ages and complexions. They can neither demand as a conceded right, nor expect in the relation they bear to the purchaser, apartments, jewels, slaves or indulgences which exclusively appertain to the first lady of the harem.

In this manner, extensive domestic establishments gradually augment from small beginnings, according to the ability, ambition, and perhaps other considerations of the owner, till a very numerous family is collected.

A similar method is practised among the opulent in Egypt. Economy is studied with far more concern there by the upper classes, than among the poor fellahs, who are sometimes actually obliged to steal their own millet from the growing stalk to keep from starvation. Yet those very wretched people rejoice, oftener than otherwise, in a full complement of four wives, but never recklessly attempt the additional luxury of female associates, like the rich residents of Cairo. This observation applies with equal pertinency to all the dependencies of the viceroy of the land of the pyramids, as it does to that of his august sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey.

One of the anomalies of Mahommedan countries more striking than all others, considering their devotion to the precepts of the Prophet, is the low estimate in which women are held by the masses. Necessary as they are, and coveted, too, as an important element, and indispensable in the social structure, in their best estate, they are but menials of the lowest order. Even their lives are at the mercy of those who ought, by the constitution of their nature, to cherish, protect and elevate them.

There are, beyond question, instances of sincere affection on the part of husbands; and of their children, whether born of Circassians or natives of Mozambique, they are excessively fond, as a natural trait. But with all this, no efforts are undertaken to give them a position that corresponds with that held by women where Christianity is revered.

In the course of these predictions, instances may be cited of female geniuses. With a proper mental culture, there is no calculating the extent of the poetical resources, aside from all others, of many a splendid woman in Turkey, who has passed away without leaving a trace of her footsteps on earth, who might have exercised the highest order of abilities for the advancement of the sex, could her latent powers have been developed. Nothing is doing, nor can anything be done, for their advancement, without running counter to the dogmas of the prescribed religious creed.

Woman in Turkey is an article of trade, and unless presented distinctly as a gift, she is bought and sold, without being consulted or apologized to, under any form of destiny to which she is driven. And although thus degraded and trodden into the dust, she is not as wretched as might at first be supposed, because ignorant of the depths of her degradation. In the relations which she bears to her children, true to the instincts of her being, she is still an angel in character, and a beauty in form. With no hold upon the affections of man beyond those inspired by physical organization, she lives and dies, without knowing the multitude of wrongs she has suffered.

Whoever visits Constantinople, expresses his astonishment at the exterior precautions that have been taken from the commencement of the imperial Turkish rule, to the present day, to guard the royal household from the contamination of vulgar eyes. Of the internal economy of the establishments occupied by ladies, but very little is known, beyond an inspection of their apartments when unoccupied.

Curiosity has prompted many European ladies of distinction, the wives of ambassadors residing at the Turkish court, to gain access to the kadines—the *select*, the mothers of the Sultan's living children—but their curiosity has not been gratified. They have seen enough to surprise them in the harems of the great dignitaries, but the interior of the imperial residence of bliss—to use an Orientalism—has been denied them.

Such facts only are here given as have been gathered from a reliable source, together with my own personal examination of the apartments formerly occupied by a succession of imperial kadines, up to the death of Mahommed II.

The fortunate kadine who bears the first prince, has pre-eminence over all other females of the harem, but has no title until her son ar-

rives at the throne. From what is known of the numbers of females belonging to the late Sultans, it is probable that from three to five hundred, including all orders of females slaves, constitute the present establishment. No catalogue of them is ever published, of course; but from the fact that thirty millions of piastres, equal to 554,600 dollars, is taken from the public treasury for the support of that branch of the Sultan's demands, it is morally certain that there is a large number of them.

A cash income of £110,000 is represented by an English writer, who gathered his information from official sources, belongs exclusively to the mother of the present Sultan. His aunts, sisters and daughters are specifically supplied with large incomes derived from products of the earth, in certain districts or islands. One has a tax on all the oranges sold at Naxos; another, that arising from the wines of another place, and so on. The Vilada Sultana, the fortunate mother of Sultan Megid, whose name is Berma Allem (ornament of the universe), was a Georgian slave.

All the kadines of the new reigning Sultan are Circassians, and were purchased slaves, presented as gifts by his mother, aunts, sisters, and those great men who wish to court his special favor, together with such ladies besides as have been purchased by his instructed commissioners. They have equal rights, and favoritism is studiously avoided; yet their lordly proprietor is never approached by them without making the profoundest reverence. These few scraps illustrative of the doings within, are gathered principally from ladies who have collected them, it is presumable, from the servants, tradeswomen and medical attendants of the harem.

[For engraving of Musician of the Harem, see page 29.]

These kadines are not called wives, for they stand in no such relation. They are not allowed to sit in the Sultan's presence, except upon cushions on the floor, but his daughters may. Five of the kadines—one bearing the following name, Zihem Felik, ornament of heaven—died in 1844. Among them, they have had eight children, three of whom have died. One of the sons bears the name of Sultan Mohammed Murad, and another, Sultan Abdoul Hamid—servant of the good.

A MUSICIAN OF THE HAREM.—SEE PAGE 28.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SERAGLIO.

A gentleman connected with the American legation informed myself and those of his countrymen who were in Constantinople, one morning, that if we had any curiosity to visit that singular and altogether extraordinary palace of the Ottoman rulers, which is called Seraï Bournou, that an opportunity was then presented. A firman could be procured that would not only permit us to go over the whole Seraglio, but also the Mint, the Arsenal, the great Mosques of St. Sophia, of Solyman the Magnificent, the Mausoleum of Mahmoud II, and some other of the first class religious edifices. Of course the proposition was instantly embraced. About forty dollars was the sum paid. We were accompanied by Mr. Holmes, the secretary of legation, and the Rev. Mr. Goodale, a missionary,—who both understand the Turkish language, and who were of the highest value to us, in examining objects, and in translating notices, inscriptions, etc., which presented in the course of our explorations within the ancient walls of that most extraordinary of all national establishments.

On approaching the city by water from the Sea of Marmora, the Seraglio is the leading, prominent object, on the European side of the Bosphorus. A kind of triangular enclosure, embraced by a strong wall, large enough for a tolerable sized city, is studded with a vast variety of edifices, irregularly arranged, covering an immense extent of ground, which was the ancient Byzantium. Here are courts, extensive gardens, parades, and also unappropriated fields, of sufficient dimensions to accommodate a multitude of inhabitants.

Mahomet II was the originator of this imperial seclusion. A first consideration was to have every inch of it so that no vulgar eye could possibly profane the females by seeing them. All the buildings are inelegant, but rather uncouth, externally, having each and every window thoroughly grated, or rather protected, by fine lattice work. Some of the edifices have wide projecting eaves, deep recesses, and such prodigious departures from all the common details of architecture of other countries, that if there were nothing else to be seen, the oddity of these accumulations, the suggestions, and mostly, the creations of the ladies of the harem, it would be an ample compensation for the fatigue and expense of a visit.

With their large incomes, from age to age, without the possibility of appropriating it any other way, the successive sultans have permitted them to rear these structures. One usually connects with another, and consequently, the old and the new, the creations of past centuries, with modern times, give additional interest to

the whole group. We travel from the old to the comparatively new, and thus learn something of the whims, caprices and taste of their beautiful projectors.

A more hopeless task could not be undertaken, than an attempt to describe the inside appearances of the various apartments, in the different buildings we inspected, and shall not, therefore, presume upon the reader's patience beyond a few general observations.

Some of the rooms were superb both in respect to prospect and finish. Gilded cornices, high studded walls, and magnificent workmanship in marble, in the bath rooms, especially, were the striking points. Neither pictures nor statuary of any kind were any where seen, except in a long corridor, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in length, through which the secluded inmates passed from one superb suite of apartments to another, and there we saw a row of engravings, colored, in simple gilded frames. On the left hand was a plastered wall, without a break of door or window, the whole way, and on that surface they were suspended. On the right, there were a succession of large windows, latticed, looking into a garden.

The pictures were representations of Napoleon's battles, with one or two views of wrecked vessels. In one small room, among the dozens that we examined, about fifteen feet square, the walls were either colored or papered, I forget which, almost black. There were three common parlor chairs in it, but no other furniture. These were the only things for sitting on, according to civilized rules, in the series.

In another apartment, looking out upon the Bosphorus, a heavenly position on earth, so far as surrounding scenery contributes to give any spot the beauty of paradise, besides the large latticed windows, richly draped, there was an immense mahogany bedstead. It was a great box, ten feet square, the sides near three feet high, with high posts, sustaining a heavy tester overhead. It would conveniently accommodate six persons, without being crowded. A low bench ran round the walls, near the floor, in very many of the rooms, on which were cushions, similar to those in pews. Bedding was not seen anywhere.

Baths abounded: they were marble depressions in the floor—or rather shallow tanks, put below the common floor level, some ten feet one way, by six perhaps in diameter. Scroll work in marble, bold curves and richly chiselled vines, were the principal ornamental appendages of the female residences.

There were a multitude of small apartments connected with the spacious ones, and doors leading from a second corridor to suites of rooms that we did not enter. Each and all the ladies of position have their own places for themselves, servants and children. Various apartments were for common use, admitting of freedom of range quite necessary for health, in a community of females, exclusively, who rarely expose themselves to the influences of the open air, except when closely veiled, and in the gardens, in which the atmosphere is not much superior to the air of the house, on account of the high walls by which they are hemmed in.

Then there were the dining rooms, drawing and frolicking rooms—for such were the names we gave them, besides accommodations for an army of female slave attendants, the various grades of black and white eunuchs, with a numberless retinue of gardeners, grooms, soldiers, civil officers, etc., who are attached to the Seraglio in various capacities,—who never set foot beyond the theatres of their appropriate duties.

Having been repeatedly asked where the ladies of the harem were all the while, it is hardly necessary to say, that had they been in the Seraglio, no visitors could have had admission. A new palace on the Bosphorus, above the city, towards the Black Sea, occupied considerably by the father of Medjid, was in the occupancy of his family while we were in Constantinople.

The deeds of blood and cruelty which have been transacted in the old Seraglio, have created a repugnance in the mind of the Sultan, and he may be said to have abandoned it. Still, eunuchs are there, and in secluded parts of the establishment, are supposed to be kadines of his late terrible father.

In one direction in the yard, were a cluster of kitchens—each recognized by its little dome. Every lady has her own cooks, food, and culinary apparatus. Several white eunuchs, small, pale, cringing, obsequious males, without beards, were leaning against pillars, walking across enclosures, and going from or entering doors. Of course, they would be the only safe persons to admit into the apartment of the females, whether ladies, servants or prisoners. I could not discover to what race they belong; but my opinion is this, that they were Greeks.

Mr. Goodale said that on a former occasion, he was permitted to pass through a suite of apart-

ments closed to us. He remembered of having seen on the doors, labels, in Arabic, designating them as the first, second, third, fourth, etc. ladies' quarters. It was evidence of their occupancy, from being thus tabooed.

On entering the gardens—those plats especially considered select—the promenades of the kadines, they disappointed me. There was a perfect stiffness and perpendicularity excessively tedious. Hundreds of orange trees, in tubs, as they are seen in the orange gardens of Paris, make up a large part of the show. A row of demi-green houses are for their protection in the winter. Raised beds, formal and hard, covered with flowers make up the remainder. It was like being in a deep pit, in one of these gardens —long and narrow, the sun only exerting a full influence, at least when we were in it, by being directly overhead.

Mahomed II, by whose determination this house for himself and successors was projected, was proclaimed Padisha in 1451. He took Constantinople May 29th, 1481. He was sirnamed Fatih—the opener, because he opened a way into the Christian city of the Greeks, and crushed their empire.

No one of the Turkish dynasty has evinced a more heroic spirit, or entertained clearer perceptions of absolute power. Bold, enterprising and regardless of the flow of blood in the accomplishment of lofty designs, he entertained such well grounded confidence in the preparation the prophet had made for all true believers, that he calmly prepared his own epitaph, and a catalogue of the countries he had overcome, to be inscribed on his own tomb.

A prominent sight within the great mural enclosure, is the pillar created by Flavius Theodosius I, a Greek emperor, who died of the dropsy in 395. I do not understand writers who say that it was thrown down by an earthquake, when it is certainly standing, or guides and historians have appropriated his name to some other monument.

There were several enormously large sarcophagi in a yard, of porphyry—large enough for comfortable bedrooms. They are of a remote antiquity, and show, beyond all contradiction, to what extraordinary perfection the ancients carried the art of working in stone. As they had neither iron nor steel, but cut those sarcophagi with copper tools—a material almost as difficult to chip as flint, they could not be equalled in our day, without costing more than any potentate would be willing to pay.

LIBRARY OF THE SERAGLIO.

It strikes a stranger as an absurdity, that books should be accumulated for those who never read. But several grand seignors have had an ambition to be learned, rather in the possession of the written wisdom of those distinguished for their political and historical attainments, than to actually profit by the lessons of written wisdom.

Here is a one-story building, quite by itself in an open space, ascended by steps—having a large window each side the door, erected by order of Mustapha III, in 1767, in the Bostangelar, or garden. I find it described as having beauties, marble columns and other affixes that were not discovered by me. Unfortunately, the key keeper could not be found, and we therefore were obliged to get the limited knowledge within our grasp, in regard to the books, by peeps through the windows. On three sides of a large square room there were shelves, perhaps one foot apart—commencing some four feet from the floor, and reaching the ceiling. Not any of them were full, and some had but a very few books upon them at all.

Instead of standing on their ends, the volumes were packed on their sides—one above another. They were generally quite thin, with a string or bit of ribbon hanging perpendicularly from between the leaves, and were of all sizes. They were represented to be mostly Korans, executed by a pen, on parchment, paper, etc., at different epochs, and variously ornamented and gilded. Sentences from the Koran were inscribed on the walls, as they are on various buildings, doorways, gates, and other marked places within the choice enclosure of the Seraglio. On the other hand, guide-books assert that this library possesses costly works on all subjects—and among others, a splendid edition of Autar, on metallic paper. I cannot credit the declaration of Mr. White, that the collection contains 4440 volumes, upon any other principle than this, viz., that every little thin mass of leaves, a hundred of which would not have the thickness of a common duodecimo of four hundred pages, was counted as an individual volume.

While we were reconnoitering some of the splendid series of rooms, especially for the Sultan's use, communicating with each other by passage ways with those of the select ladies, a small case of books was shown that contained a choice collection of favorite works, chiefly amatory poetical effusions, which the grand seignor had brought to him whenever he felt

inclined to have reading. It was a mahogany box, two feet high, two wide, and about eight inches thick, with two shelves inside, on which were reposing twenty-five or thirty extremely thin, but richly bound volumes. Their titles were on strips of pendulous ribbons—some of which the Rev. Mr. Goodale read. They were protected in front by a wire gauze covering.

In several of the mosques, and at the residences of the great officers, and the chief expounders of the Koran, there are collections of books, chiefly Persian and Arabic authors. The Turks appear to have had but a very few native writers.

These libraries had their origin in a desire to copy the custom of the Kaliphs of Bagdad and Damascus, as an appendage of distinction, rather than from an inherent love of literature, for which the Turks, as a people, have no cultivated taste. There are individuals who read, and some historians have lived, but their thoughts and their narrations, locked up in a harsh language, in the Arabic character, cannot readily be disseminated, especially when not printed with type.

Some of the females of the imperial harem have discovered a decidedly poetical talent, but the most that is known of them, comes obscurely and indistinctly, through the language of adulation, from some dependent on the Sultan, who exalts to the skies, on account of the position of the poetess, what might not be considered above mediocrity in a child of a less exalted station.

There are writers and commentators on the laws, at Constantinople, but few if any on any other branch of what may be called literature or useful information.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THRONE.

The vast enclosure of the Seraglio may be entered from several points, but there is one which actually gives name to the empire. A lofty gateway, arched overhead with an Arabic inscription, is called, by way of distinction, the *Porte*, on account of its superior workmanship, as well as from the circumstance that it gives passage through a massive pavilion, towards the harem, or the *concealed*. It is in a charming position, on a rise of land favorable for an imposing effect.

Passing over an extensive parade lined with sentry boxes and various accommodations for a multitude of watchmen, porters and soldiers, I am unable to recollect how many smaller arches we passed under before arriving at a building containing the imperial divan or throne. It is on the first floor, not more than twenty feet square, and accessible by two doors.

In one corner there is a dark, wooden box, of the dimensions of an ordinary double bedstead. It precisely fits against the wall on two sides; at the lower corner, which, of course, juts out towards the middle of the room, is a high post. As a whole, this apparatus is like a bedstead pushed into one corner, with one single post. Overhead is the tester, supported in part on the one post, and in other directions against the wall.

A singular taste, quite barbaric, is shown in the manner of ornamenting that solitary pillar. From top to bottom it is thickly covered with precious stones and gems, of immense value. They are of all sizes and shapes, just as nature allowed them to leave her workshop, without being ground, polished or symmetrically shapen. Metallic sockets of gold are sunk into the wood, and into them the stones are set, saving their best faces for the exterior show. I noticed that several of them were empty. Whether the gems had been taken out purposely, or had dropped out, was not ascertained.

On that box, rich cushions were thrown; and when an audience was to be given to an ambassador, the Sultan being seated with a pipe in his mouth, permitted an entrance, embarrassed with fatiguing ceremonies.

The indignities the Sultans were in the habit of heaping upon the ministers of European kingdoms, till within the last fifty years, were of the most humiliating character. Being led in at one door by the grand vizier and other ministers of the divan, the envoy was compelled to assume the attitude of abject obeisance, amounting almost to an appearance of adoration. The business was announced, without raising his eyes to the resplendent throne that bore the self-styled Shadow of God. An interpreter explained it in Turkish, when the Sultan, in the haughtiest tone

of sovereignty that a despot ever assumes, gave a decision, and the humble messenger of a Christian emperor was slowly backed out at the opposite door.

Standing precisely where those degrading ceremonies were conducted over and over again, it appeared that not more than six persons could comfortably stand at the foot of the throne, at the same moment.

Singular as it now appears in this advanced period of civilization, the Sultan often sent foreign legations to prison. Achille de Harley, in 1612, after being grossly insulted by Achmet I, was threatened with torture! In 1660, Sultan Ibrahim actually sent a French ambassador to the Seven Towers. It is my impression that the old state apartments in the Seraglio have been neglected since Sultan Medjid's inauguration. An air of abandonment was perceptible about the throne, that led to this conclusion.

In the new palace, which is now being completed on the Pera side of the Bosphorus, far superior to most of the royal palaces of Europe, there are undoubtedly some more modern apartments for state effect and receptions, in accordance with an improved taste, which must have been imbibed from intercourse with foreigners, who have introduced the arts and the architectural refinements of modern times. The exterior of the palace is extremely imposing, and far transcends in beauty and grandeur every other edifice in Constantinople. Some of the great mosques are massive, huge constructions, but they command no admiration from a cultivated mind, beyond that of astonishment that brick, wood and stone should ever have assumed such singular forms. To the credit of the improved views of the Sultan, the new palace is not hidden from human eyes by high walls. It is all open in front towards the Bosphorus, with no obstacle to conceal a single beauty, or mar one of its classical proportions.

This is an immense stride in civilization, therefore, that a costly palace, mainly designed for the accommodation, security and seclusion of females, should be left open for the gaze of all eyes; but it is one of the prognostics of a still greater change that is gradually and irresistibly coming over the whole nation.

A more frequent and necessary intercourse with Europe and America, must have an influence on the habits, customs and peculiarities of the people. Even Mahommedanism, with its doctrines of fatalism and polygamy, which denies one half of the population of countries professing the faith of the Koran, all civil rights, is destined to give way to a purer and more elevated hope, based on the progressive march of Christianity.

METROPOLITAN MOSQUES.

As no one can gain admission to the interior of the Sultan's residence, while himself and family are within, no account can be given of the character of the furniture, the decorations, or, in fact, gain any reliable information in regard to them, beyond what may be gleaned from timid servants, who run the risk of losing their head for a piastre, whenever they divulge a secret.

I have seen many edifices erected at different epochs in Turkish history, but that which was occupied a little time by Mahmoud II, on the Bosphorus, is the best of all. It is not far north from the new one now constructing, and is the present residence of Sultan Medjid. Some of the pillars, of beautiful marble, fluted, the splendid iron gates, superb lamps, rich displays in the finish of the windows, doors, marble steps, and various other outside shows of unlimited resources, amply compensates the traveller for reconnoitering it in a boat. We were told that the Sultan, and perhaps the ladies of the harem, were watching us closely, and speculating on our long-tailed coats, and laughing at our high hat crowns behind the latticed windows, while we were contemplating the elegances of imperial accommodations.

On the other hand, the mosques were opened to us by the firman, and we therefore visited those most remarkable for age, sanctity and splendor.

St. Sophia is a monster in size. Constantine the Great was excessively proud of it. He melted down a silver statue of Theodosius, that weighed 7400 pounds, to complete the work. Five years and eleven months were consumed in the construction. The ground plot is a Greek cross, in a square 243 feet by 269. An arched dome, 180 feet above the floor, sustained on four enormous arches, admits a strong light from above. It did not strike me as beautiful, but massive. No two arches in the building are segments of the same circle. Some of them in the partitions, over doors, were singularly warped, if they ever had any symmetry. There are 184 pillars to sustain the weight inside. Eight of them are porphyry, excessively hard to cut, once in the Temple of the Sun, at Rome, and six of

A MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYERS.—SEE PAGE 40.

green jasper, wrenched from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. Two of the porphyry columns have been cracked and otherwise injured, probably by a fire, that nearly destroyed the whole fabric soon after its completion. They are now held together by strong iron hoops. One of the arches sustaining the dome has settled considerably, and I fear the vast skylight may suddenly fall in when least expected.

Of course, no idea is entertained of describing St. Sophia with minuteness. A building that has withstood the assaults of time since the third century, is venerable, and that accounts for various admeasurements and historical accounts, which abound in the diaries of Eastern travellers. When we entered, a Moslem priest was sitting flat on the pulpit floor, cross-legged. That sentry box of the clergy was of white pine, ascended by a considerably long flight of steps, and the whole was moveable. In front of him sat an attentive congregation of men and women, also on the floor, the males one side, and the females —all enveloped in white sheets and veiled, listening as though deeply interested in the discourse—on the other. St. Sophia being built without reference to facing Mecca—it being originally a Christian Church—long strips of carpeting were spread diagonally, producing a ludicrous effect; but it was of grave importance to the prayerful audience to know the exact bearing of that holy city, in order to face it in their devotions.

When the expounder of the Koran had brought his loud, earnest discourse to an end, he came down with a small dish in his hand, which he presented to the people for backsheish.

Thus he raised his salary as he rendered service, and when he finished entirely, an idiotic boy or girl—I could not decide which—made his appearance in the passage way between the two sexes, which the women, particularly, appeared to enjoy exceedingly. He sang, and in some very indefinable and mysterious manner, seemed to fascinate them all, as they gathered round and paid something to him, as an earnest of their satisfaction. Overhead I could discern, distinctly, some excellent paintings that the Turks had endeavored to conceal, by daubing them over with a thin coat. The great seraphim in the angles, under the dome, have had sad work made of their faces, to get rid of their fascinations, but still they remain, without any prospect of obliteration, smiling with heavenly sweetness.

It is a subject of historical interest with reference to the condition of the arts, and the actual religious feeling of the age among Christians, to present some of the following facts in relation to this vast Christian edifice, now desecrated to Moslem service.

St. Sophia was reared in the year 325, and therefore is an ancient temple—the boast of the Byzantine city. One hundred architects, says tradition, superintended the work; five thousand masons were employed on one side, and an equal number on the other. All the mortar was mixed in barley water, and the foundation walls cemented with mastic and lime. The walls had reached but six feet, when it was ascertained that 452 pounds weight of gold had been expended. Within, the length is 269 feet, and the breadth 143. The great cupola is pierced by 24 windows. Arabic inscriptions are variously introduced to raise up devotional feeling in the breasts of the turbaned worshippers. Granite columns from Egypt, twenty-four in all, eight of green marble, besides quite a forest of all others, baffle description.

Riches glittered in the temple at every point, on the day of its first consecration. A golden cupola with lilies, and a golden cross of massive weight, adorned with costly gems, was but a small part of the wealth within. Golden vessels of all sorts for celebrating the twelve great annual church feasts, were 42,600 in number. Twenty-four huge volumes—the evangelists—each having golden covers, and candelabras, also of gold, two of which weighed 111 pounds, besides seven crosses of pure gold, weighing one hundred pounds each, gives an idea of the concentration of riches, and the resources of the emperor at that early period in the progress of Christianity. When the Mahommedans took possession of this very famous structure, they speedily remodelled some parts of it, built up its minarets and purged it of Christian uncleanness. Murad the IVth put in the permanent pulpit, on each side of which are two enormously large candles, to light which, the servant is obliged to ascend on a ladder. In several mosques, they are a foot in diameter, and from ten to fifteen feet high.

Notwithstanding the glowing descriptions of visitors, and the details of professed architects, in connection with all the historical associations with which St. Sophia is connected, I did not regard it as much of a wonder. Perhaps a familiar acquaintance with the great ruins of

Egypt had a counteracting influence on my mind. Had St. Sophia been seen first, perhaps my astonishment might have been greater, and more surprising. I fully expect that the dome will by-and-by fall, and then the whole mass will go to ruin.

Of the so called twenty-four first class mosques, a few hold a distinguished pre-eminence on account of their architecture, wealth, and the names of those by whom they were erected. Among some of those I visited belonging to that denomination, the following is quite remarkable for its beautiful proportions.

SOLYMAN.

By way of eminence, this is called the Mosque of Solyman, the Magnificent—whom the Turks speak of as Kanuni, or institutor. He was contemporary with Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queens Mary and Elizabeth, having ascended the throne in 1520 and leaving it in 1566.

The mosque was five years in building, and bears a strong resemblance to St. Sophia. Pillars, tiles, floors, windows, a magnificent dome, and its various properties, conspire to make the Solyman a proud monument of Turkish skill, wealth and piety. Columns, arches, enormous wax candles, ten feet tall, candelabras, etc., are in keeping. The minarets are slender, but the proportions admirably maintained. An unfortunate carpenter sent up to repair one of them, a few days before I examined them, pitched over the slender railing, fell to the ground, and died instantly.

When all the minarets are manned with muezzins, at the hours of prayer, calling with united voices for the faithful to commence their devotions, the effect is extraordinary. Not a bell ever rings, and the shrill voices of those energetic servants, fifty feet in the air, who sing out their commands in a recitative, is musically solemn. At Cairo—very compact, compared with Constantinople—four hundred lubberly bawling fellows wake the hardest sleepers at morning call.

In Egypt the muezzins are blind, usually; and men without eyes are preferred there, because they cannot look down into the yards and see what the females are doing. In villages, throughout Turkey, a similar precaution leads to the employment of the blind for that important function. They did not appear to be blind in the capital, as far as I observed. They were pretty warmly dressed, advanced to middle life, and held their hands as though they were afraid of having the drums of their ears cracked with their own voices.

[See engraving of Muezzin calling to Prayers, page 37.]

Two of the four pillars which sustain the great dome, were once devoted to another purpose, in the ancient history of the city. One of them bore the statue of Venus, and the other that of Justinian, on the Augustean. It is supposed that the others had originally upon them the statues of Theodora and Eudoxia.

Reading-stands for holding copies of the Koran are occasionally noticed, like the letter X, made of two pieces of board, from a foot to two in width, variously inlaid with pearl and other precious things, according to the place and circumstances of its location. Devout readers, writers, and indeed every person, high or low, who has anything to do with pens or books, sits on the floor. When reading the Koran, it is rarely taken from the stool—the reader turning the leaves as they are completed.

Whenever I have seen a man reading in the mosques, it was generally near some window, in a corner. Without the least regard to the comfort of others, they kept a continual see-sawing, while their voices were raised to an annoying pitch to every one within hearing.

In rooms over the vaults of the Sultans and their families, there are sarcophagi—wooden boxes, raised three and four feet, directly over the graves of each, covered usually with cashmere shawls—a rich turban at the head indicating the sex and condition of the person beneath. Immensely large candles in candlesticks chained to the floor and numerous copies of the Koran are resting on saw-horse stools, for the accommodation of all good Mussulmen visitors.

CHAPTER IX.

MOSQUE OF ACHMET.

This is considered the chief religious edifice —superior, in many respects, to all others. Its six minarets give a peculiar character to it; and when the four pillars sustaining the dome are examined, the spectator is constrained to admit that the Turks are susceptible of grandeur in architecture. They are each made up of three marble blocks, one placed on the end of the other. The diameter of these colossal columns is eighteen feet.

Egypt and Baalbec have no parallelism for these monsters. Two candelabras of extraordinary dimensions, sustaining wax candles quite ten feet high, with galleries, sufficiently elevated to give an air of loftiness to the whole, on both sides, are a striking feature. Koran stands, for the accommodation of students and devout persons, are numerous.

No other mosque is so munificently provided with funds for its support, or contains such a profusion of costly fixtures and appendages in the way of permanent wealth. Four emerald lamps are suspended by golden chains from above, and give some idea of the concentration of riches within this celebrated and truly magnificent establishment. They were a present from the governor of Abyssinia.

On the left gallery there is an immense pile of boxes, chests, and other strong contrivances, irregularly heaped together, which contain an amount of treasure altogether incalculable. For some ages past, it has been customary both for individuals and families to deposit their money, jewels and other precious effects in this mosque, for safe keeping. Each has his box, large or small, according to their circumstances, with a key. No questions are asked, no record kept, labels are unknown, and the owners bring or carry away, as they choose, and without interruption.

So sacred is the Mosque of Achmet, that no one would dare attempt the terribly sacrilegious act of theft from its holy portals. Whatever is there deposited, is sacred to all intents and purposes. The idea that it is possible that anything thus lodged for safe keeping could be clandestinely taken away, was never entertained.

Bank vaults are far more exposed to the depredations of robbers, than the open treasury gallery of the Mosque of Achmet. Some of the boxes may not have been unlocked in the last hundred years; yet they are as they were left by the owners, undisturbed. Yet the doors are open, strangers are walking about, and not unfrequently stop and stare at the miscellaneous accumulation, like freight on the deck of a steamboat; and when informed of the untold millions thus promiscuously thrown together,

seem to consider it simply in the light of wonder, and pass on.

No revolution, civil commotion of the people, or necessities of the government ever perilled, in the least degree, this concentration of gold, silver and jewels. Neither guards, watchmen, walking sentinels, nor a police vigilance have ever been required for the preservation of the deposit. A religious respect for the sanctuary, with the education all Mahommedans receive, is superior to bolts, bars or the guns of an army. Not intending even a further description of mosques—since a volume would be required for that purpose—that of Sultan Mahomet II must necessarily be passed over, rich as it is in architecture and glorious memorials of a flourishing epoch in Turkish history.

There is the hippodrome, with its stolen obelisk and remnants of a monument of brazen serpents, now called the *atmeidan*, or place of the horse. Once it had extraordinary dimensions, but is now reduced to 250 paces in length, by 150 in breadth. It is a shabby, bare, gravelly, uninteresting square, yet it is associated with wonders in days of the Greek empire.

Other characteristic curiosities are the cistern of a thousand columns, the burnt column, the extensively covered bazaars, the watch tower, the new university, mint, slave market, arsenal, the seven towers, the Greek churches, moristan or asylum for the insane, schools, whirling dervishes, and numerous sights and fixtures, illustrative of the mechanism, skill, artistic ability, habits and customs, which must all be omitted in this epitome of prominent objects in Constantinople.

SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE.

A fundamental law requires that the ruler shall go openly in sight of the people, to prayers in some mosque, every Friday, and that without failure, if in health. While the custom demonstrates the obedience of the Sultan to the commands of the founder of the common faith, it has a direct bearing on the public tranquillity, to know that the individual in whom all the functions of the government concentrate is alive, and therefore superintending the machinery of state.

Every Friday, therefore, brings with it considerable commotion. Every stranger is desirous to see the great man; and his own immediate subjects, also, exert themselves considerably, to have a glimpse of the Padisha. By ten o'clock in the morning it is usually ascertained what mosque he intends to honor with his royal presence. He generally selects a different one each succeeding week, rarely going to the same twice in a season.

Having ascertained on a charming Friday morning that his imperial highness would attend prayers in a small mosque near the arsenal, and that he would go by water, we procured a boat at a seasonable hour, and having taken a favorable position on the Bosphorus, on the prescribed line for the royal aquatic procession, waited its approach.

There are two long bridges, built of boats, crossing the Golden Horn, the draws of which were swung open; and besides four bands of music at the break of the draws—there being one on each—the main bodies of the bridges were covered with troops under arms.

Every avenue leading from Pera, and, in fact, from other parts of the city, was lined with people hurrying towards the water. Steamers, vessels of every description, boats, and anything that would buoy a man, or whatever position gave a chance for a view, were quickly occupied. There was a general, but noiseless commotion throughout Constantinople. It was a grand sight to view such a sea of human heads; and multitudes of beings in white turbans, quietly smoking, yet watching for the appearance of the monarch.

By-and-by the guns began to roar at the palace up the Bosphorus, at the exact moment he steppped into the barge. A more eager curiosity was awakened, and the vast multitude swayed to and fro for an early glimpse of him. All the vessels in the navy yard were manned, flags were floating in the light breeze, the cannon spoke louder and nearer, when of a sudden the golden pageant glittered in the eyes of the unnumbered thousands who were gazing with intense expectations of surprise and gratification.

Not a voice was raised: neither shouts, huzzas, nor other tumultuous demonstrations broke forth from the obedient followers of Mahommed. On the contrary, each one kept perfectly still, while the music began to swell upon the ear, and the sweet sounds rolled away over the beautiful expanse of the Bosphorus, to die in the distant green fields and water. Water-bailiffs kept the army of caiques back from the indicated course, —leaving a highway about twelve rods wide—and onward shot a beautifully moulded barge, apparently a hundred feet in length, wide and roomy, entirely gilded with gold leaf from bow

to stern. It was rowed by fifty oarsmen, twenty-five on a side, dressed in white, who rose upon their feet simultaneously as they dipped the blades into the gentle current on which the fairy boat was swiftly gliding.

[For a view of the Sultan's Barge, see page 45.]

The stern was raised in the form of a miniature quarter-deck, some six feet, over which there was a tasteful canopy, supported on four columns, covered with red silk, and the roof, on its underside, lined with the same fiery material.

In the centre, protected from the burning rays of the sun, seated upon an immense scarlet cushion, sat the Sultan, dressed in a blue frock coat, buttoned to the chin, blue pantaloons, and a red felt tarbousch, or cap, swayed a little to one side by a long, heavy, blue silk tassel. Between his highness and the rowers, in little space in front of the canopy, were two black pages.

His majesty is too much accustomed to the show to be particularly struck with any manifestations of public curiosity. However, when he passed us, and recognizing us as Christian strangers, no doubt, by our hats, coats and shorn faces, he gave a long penetrating stare—the only civility he bestows upon anybody—while our hats were raised; for it is always proper in every country to pay respect to the government that protects us while remaining within its jurisdiction.

Immediately after, came the barge of the first subject of the empire, the Sadrazan, known to us under the title of grand vizier, who is the first minister. In all respects, it was nearly as gorgeous as his sublime master's; but had fewer rowers, and was smaller in dimensions. On the forecastle, about six feet in length—in other words, the bow that was decked over—was an enormously large carved eagle, silver gilt, with spread wings, standing upon the tips of its talons, as if in the act of soaring away in the air. The design was extremely fine, and the appearance beautiful.

Then came a third barge, also gilded, and propelled by gilded oars, in the hands of slaves dressed in loose white costumes, and snow white turbans, bearing the Kislah Agah, an African eunuch, and his two black assistants.

As before observed, this man is a great personage, and more influential on account of his proximity to the throne, than any other man in the realm. He was small in size, small featured, not very black, and had rather a pleasant expression. His mutilated assistants seemed to feel, as the Kislah Agah did, the importance of their position, by putting on airs of amazing dignity.

When the boats passed the ships of war, and especially that monster ship, Mahmoud, too large for service, the roar of artillery was perfectly deafening. On touching the shore, where a great body of troops were in waiting, and numbers of caparisoned horses stood champing the bit, the cortege passed quickly, without ceremony, into the mosque. All the oarsmen leaped out, and amused themselves by strolling about at their ease, while the troops on the bridge retired quietly to their barracks.

An impression was abroad that the Sultan would return to the palace on horseback, and the crowds therefore dispersed to intercept him on the return route; he disappointed them, however. When he had completed the exercises due to religion, he returned to the barge, which was quickly forced off towards an elegant steamboat, which had recently been presented to him by Abbas Pasha, his disliked vassal of Egypt. The other two barges returned the way they came, leaving his majesty on board the new toy. How he finally got back to his lodging was not ascertained, as we were too weary and too nearly roasted to remain any longer watching the retreating shadow of the Slayer of Men—one of the titles that belong to the ruler of Turkey. No pageant in Europe, which we had seen, was more imposing, or conducted with more effect.

An extraordinary privilege is accorded to the humblest being in the realm, of appealing directly to the Sultan, through a written petition, each day when he is on the route to the mosque for public prayer, on horseback. Placing themselves bolt upright against the houses in the narrow street, as the Sultan arrives nearly opposite, their petitions are handed to the grand vizier. The Sultan has each read on returning, and gives personal directions respecting them. In this manner, the Padisha learns what he otherwise never would have known of the rascality of his beloved subjects. The custom, no doubt, prevents a large amount of iniquity, through fear that it may reach the ears of him who acknowledges no superior on the globe.

CHAPTER X.

GOING INTO THE ARMORY.

WITHIN the seraglio enclosure, not far from the mint, is a building of pretty ample dimensions, exclusively devoted to the protection and preservation of arms. Not so much those in every day service, as memorials of the past. Like the spears, swords, daggers, battle-axes and rude guns in the Tower of London, a display is made of the various forms of arms that have been in use in different reigns, since the Turks have been established in Europe.

On entering the front door, the form of the interior resembles an ordinary New England meeting-house, with galleries on either side. All the antiques imaginable are brought together in fantastic figures. Stars and crescents abound; and it was an ingenious fellow who put horse pistols and Damascus blades into such varied and curious curves and angles.

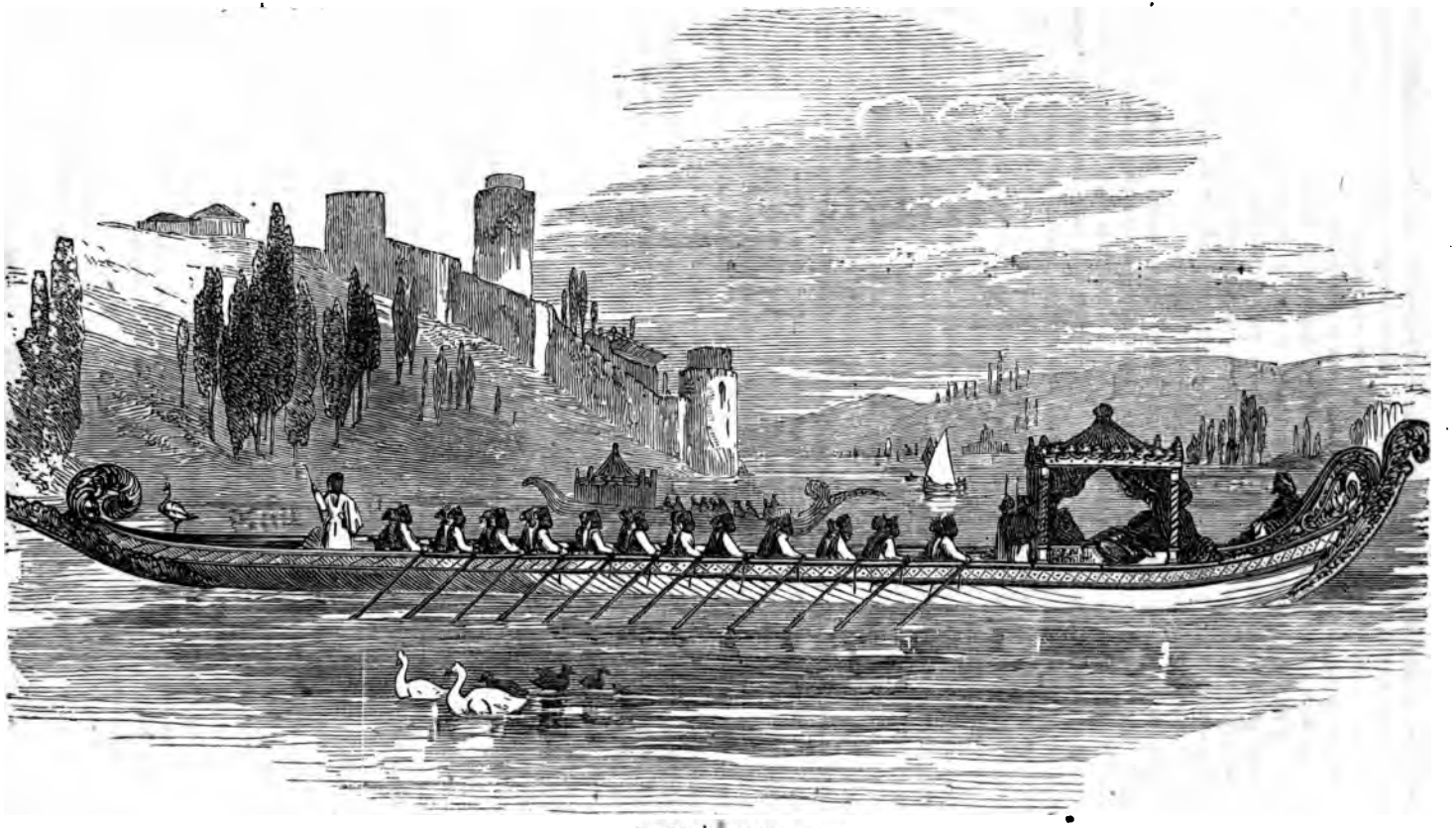
Of course it would be tedious to particularize the proud instruments of death that may have cut a million of throats. Marvellous stories are related of the achievements of some of the bloody old Sultans in thinning the ranks of the Christians.

All their most brilliant engagements and surprising victories have been over the hated disciples of the Saviour. Overhead, suspended, attached to the poles by which they were borne at the head of advancing columns, are dozens of flags taken from various European and other nations with whom they have been engaged at war.

The Turks have really something to be proud of, when they contemplate those evidences of their former prowess. But they will never be replaced by fresher banners; their ranks are no longer invincible, and the glory of Mohammedan greatness is rapidly passing away.

Ascending the gallery, we entered a small apartment at the further end, protected by doors, locks, and a special janitor, that bespoke the preciousness of the treasury that was kept within. It was equivalent to the crown jewel office of England, Scotland, Austria, and some other continental countries, in which the public is permitted to enter under certain specific restrictions. There was a kind of show case on one side of the room, elevated to a convenient height for looking in, that contained a row of large keys. They were fac-similes—some in gold, and others in silver—of the keys of cities taken by the Turks in their various wars.

Their workmanship was beautiful, and their intrinsic value, as bullion, very great indeed; but the associations connected with their history to the Turks, far more valuable. They are contemplated with pride and ambition by them, and if such a sentiment as loyalty exists in the bosom



VIEW OF THE SULTAN'S BARGE.—SEE PAGE 43.

of one of them, they are among the proudest keepsakes in the national archives.

Suspended above the case, by hooks on the wall, is a row of swords of the richest description. There were Damascus blades, with golden mountings, and jewelled in the most lavish manner. The series represent most of the Sultans from the successor of Mahommed II., who was proclaimed in 1451, and finally captured and took possession of Constantinople, May 29, 1480.

When a sultan is inaugurated, and the heralds announce to the world that the throne is again occupied by a descendant of the author of their faith, a sword is buckled on his thigh, and he passes in state through the capital, to be seen and to receive homage.

When the ceremony is concluded, the sword is placed in the jewel office, ever after to remain a memorial of the event, and of the individual who wore it.

Besides these extraordinaries, there are multitudes of objects, both new, strange and rare, which could no where else be seen, that belong to the history of the empire, but I have forgotten what they all were.

An indistinct impression is on my mind that some memorial of Mahommed was shown us in that most glorious part of the armory. The covering of his tomb, which is renewed annually —the old one being returned when the new one is put on—may be examined at a respectful distance in a mosque.

In all our examinations under the authority of protection of the firman from the department of state, we were accompanied by several officials, one of whom was a grave young man who carried a mighty big staff with a silver head, the size of an orange. On arriving at a point embraced in the permit, the man with the staff merely passed a word with the outer custode, and the doors were opened at once.

The public officers understand the natural curiosity of Frank travellers to pry into their affairs, and profit by it to some purpose. No doubt, every farthing of the forty dollars exacted for the document by which access was given to the various interesting localities and places detailed thus far, went into the pocket of the Defterdav, although the idea was held out that the whole sum would be distributed pro rata among the mosques that were troubled by our presence.

Whatever is excellent in Turkey, is to be found in Constantinople. Institutions of all descriptions have been matured there, if anywhere, and being under the immediate eye of the government, are to be considered as developed and perfect as they can be under the auspices of Mahommedanism.

In the sense which we attach to science, there is none among the people. A learned man is one who can repeat by heart more of the Koran than somebody else; but in the exact or speculative sciences, there is nothing that can be contemplated by a trained mind, as worthy of consideration. There are some mathematicians, but those who are distinguished are Arabs. I made an agreeable acquaintance in Damascus with Hakem Makarkav, who has a reputation for being a celebrated mathematician. His family for a hundred years have been remarkable for their cultivation of that branch of knowledge. But he is an Arab and not a Turk.

The Turks have been fighters instead of scholars. Medicine and surgery have been thought worthy of the sustaining influence of the last few Sultans. Not for the sake of the diffusive good that would result to the people from introducing skilful practitioners, so much as from a selfish policy of curing sick and disabled soldiers, and curing themselves against the contingencies of ill health. Armies must have surgeons, and economy suggested the manufacture of them at home, rather than to rely upon foreign countries for them.

A medical college took its rise out of this idea, but it never has been, nor is it even probable that native professors will ever have the control of it. Germans, French and Italians are placed in charge of it, and the students, instead of being voluntary applicants for education, are caught wherever they are found, of suitable age, and subsequently moulded to the institution. Mere boys are placed under a system of primary instruction, preparatory to a medical course. After learning to read and write, they are ushered into the anatomical theatre. Each one is clothed, fed, and paid a small monthly stipend while they remain—which means till they enter the army or naval service.

The first college, located at Pera, was burned down, as everything else is in Constantinople. A new and tremendously large edifice is now being finished on a commanding elevation, in which the preparatory school, and each and every branch is to be taught.

An ambition for an university has resulted in the construction of buildings; but who are to be the teachers, or what is to be taught, is still an

inquiry. There is not a high school or an academy in Turkey, nor is any language taught beyond their own.

Without philosophers, philologists, linguists, mathematicians, astronomers, professors of literature or science, it will be a comical concern. If it ever goes into operation, the faculty must be imported, and the scholars also. It is quite probable that it will soon fall into the keeping of Koran readers, and those ecclesiastical dignitaries who direct the services of religion, and guard the faith from infidel sources. They are the Pethva Eminy, Arzuhaldjee, Maktoobjee and Ders Vekihy. As the sentiment is universal among them that all knowledge worth having is contained in their inspired volume, what is not there, is not worth possessing. Consequently, no advances can be anticipated under the weight of that opinion.

Astrologers are maintained, and their calling highly respected. Two are especially kept in the Sultan's service, with the rank of Oolema. Where astrology is held in estimation, and the affairs of government are transacted with reference to lucky days, there must be ignorance, which, at this late period in the history of the world, is the more extraordinary, because the light of science is shining brilliantly in every country but those in which Mahommedanism is in the ascendant.

Medical skill is held in estimation in Turkey, without reflecting upon the manner it is acquired. Mahmoud II, swayed by European minds, made tremendous efforts towards rearing surgeons among his own subjects. As in Egypt, those that have been placed under circumstances to exert themselves, and rise to distinction, have in no instance succeeded.

In 1827, the medical school of Galata Serai was opened in a building erected by Achmet III, for training and securing the royal pages. It was a hobby with the Sultan while he lived. With his own hand he wrote an inscription thus: "'All who look upon this edifice will exclaim—Well done!'" With a board of German and French professors, it progressed as favorably as any new thing could, where it conflicted with the long cherished prejudices of the leading minds among the people.

When I was in Constantinople, as already observed, the college was in ruins, and a new one going up. But although the lectures were delivered near the arsenal, its reputation is not so high as it was under the patronage of Mahmoud.

Subjects for dissection were first procured through the determined agency of Mahmoud, who probably gave orders to Hekim Bashy and Tahir Pashi, who had command of the fleet. "Thou shalt not open a dead body, although it may have swallowed the most precious pearl belonging to another," was the positive injunction of the prophet, which was enough to forever prevent the study of anatomy. But even the authority of Mahommed was set aside, as it was in respect to wine, which Mahmoud drank till it killed him, leaving a large collection of the best of wines and spirits in his cellar, at his death.

Seven medical gentlemen are attached to the present Sultan's household, one of whom invariably lodges at the palace every night, whether their services are required or not. They are from France, England and Germany. It was the wife of his English physician, who took up her residence in the harem of a distinguished Turk, leaving several children at a tender age. Her subsequent history terminated tragically, for she was privy to the murder of an old slave, and it was unknown what had become of her when I made inquiries. Opposed as the Sultan is known to be to capital punishment, it was conjectured that she had probably been lowered into the Bosphorus in a red bag.

Wherever I travelled, medical advice and opinions were sought with avidity, but no one offered to pay for it.

Legal science is represented to be assuming a respectable position. All laws have their origin in the will of the Sultan, regulated by the divine directions of the Koran. Commentaries have begun to accumulate, and reference is had to former decisions, and thus the value of precedents is really beginning to be appreciated. Several digests of the laws and the practice of the tribunals have been written, which are sought for with confidence.

Of course these are principally confined to the capital. With half a dozen presses operated by the government, books have not been multiplied by them. So few can read, that no remuneration could be expected from the issue of an edition of such works as commentaries on laws. The Koran is destined to be executed by a pen till the idea that it is profane to squeeze the sacred sentence in a press, like a tortured criminal, is overcome by a higher civilisation.

Books have not been multiplied for the million, nor would it be worth while to have them, till educational processes have been commenced

where there is a lamentable necessity for them. Those who can read, are mostly interested in the Koran. It is questionable whether there would or could be any demand for the best treaties extant, were they put into the Turkish language, till the national spirit is changed.

Females in the highest circles—that is, in no circle at all, but confined to the apartments of a great man—rarely know how to read; yet there are slaves who can, and it is one of their employments to amuse their fair mistresses by reading to them anything they can procure that ministers to their amusement.

The Turkish newspapers can only be understood or appreciated by a comparatively few persons. Extracts from foreign papers are introduced, and a variety is presented in the topics, but there is no mind there to grasp ideas. Indolence, bigotry, hatred of Christians, and a hearty contempt of all the rest of the world, stand amazingly in the way of intellectual advancement. Turks eat, drink, smoke and sleep—whether they dream is uncertain. Resting in the opinion that all the world is in the darkness of infidelity—Mahommedanism alone being blessed with the special favor of Heaven, through the powerful agency of the prophet—there is no hope for their conversion to Christianity.

Persian literature is prized above all other, and especially the poetry. There may have been a few Turkish poets, but my knowledge is too limited to speak decisively on that point. Several Turkish females have manifested considerable talent in that direction, according to popular report, whose names will be found in another part of these sketches.

I apprehend, however, that their manner of life is such, that striking figures, bold conceptions, and above all, classical allusions, are never expressed in their poems. An active imagination, directed by the finished productions of a Persian poet, may have accomplished enough to pass among those of no literary cultivation, for a phenomenon.

Several works on history are extant, by Turkish authors. It is the only line of writing in which they have achieved a respectable standing. A simple narration of transactions is not a difficult undertaking, but it is after all the one which commands the meed of praise. The historian is either a chronicler of events, or a philosophical commentator on the phases of a nation, from one epoch to another; and our knowledge of man in different ages, is through those relations. There are six printing, besides two or three lithographic, presses in the service of some of the government departments; but they are badly managed, chiefly in the multiplication of blanks for public offices.

Books are to be had in the market stalls, but generally at a very dear rate. They are principally purchased as curiosities, being executed with a pen. Perhaps in all the stalls, there may be 70,000 volumes on sale—usually very thin—and the majority of them are Persian, Arabic and Armenian. The proportion in Turkish is small.

A disinclination to sell Korans to foreigners is a matter of conscience. Magnificent copies, of all sizes and styles of caligraphy, of that sacred volume, and the richest specimens, too, in the world, may be seen on the stools near the bodies of the defunct Sultans, in the mausolea of Constantinople.

On the whole, aided by the enthusiasm of a few English and French travellers, who have represented the march of Turkish literature to be far superior to what a sober investigation finds it to be, the Turkish mind is wofully dark.

CHAPTER XI.

INSTITUTIONS OF RELIGION.

It is admitted without reservation, that the Turks are religious bigots. The government is predicated upon the revelations of the Koran. Law, physic and divinity must accord to the sentiments of that singularly constructed volume, or not exist in Turkey as they do in civilized countries.

Every man believes implicitly in the divine mission of Mahommed. There are no doubters; no hesitancy, but a firm reliance on the prophet. There is a laxity, however, in some individuals, and an excess of fervor in others. As a nation, it is far more tolerant than any Christian country on the globe; yet there are persons of such fiery zeal, that, were they not restrained by fear of the civil and military powers of the pashas, would cut the throats of every man, woman and child who presumed to differ from them in opinion.

The elements of bigotry are precisely alike in all climates. It is the first ambition of ignorant and fanatic professors of any faith, to exterminate those who differ from them in religious sentiments. The Turks, therefore, are no worse in that respect, than others, more enlightened under a loftier and better dispensation.

Moslem worshippers are subdivided by various sects, who only differ from each other on certain points, but not so essential as to interfere with a general harmony for the protection of the faithful of all shades and gradations of belief.

It must suffice for my purpose to introduce but two specimens of religious enthusiasts, leaving all minor sects of Mahommedans without mention, because they are comparatively tame and uninteresting as characters.

All over Turkey, and, in fact, wherever the disciples of Mahommed have extended, the sect known by the name of *dervishes* have been established. They are in Egypt, and even in Cairo, have a college with certain privileges, which are recognized as important by the people. Before the revolution in Greece, they were there also. That beautiful and universally admired structure, belonging to a remote antiquity, a little north of the Acropolis, the temple of the winds, was in the possession of the dancing dervishes when hostilities commenced. All over Syria, they are found in the large towns, and also in Persia. At Pera, there is a neat mosque for the service of this order of devotees, that is freely opened for the entrance of Franks as readily as Turks, on the regular days of exaltation. It is a neatly constructed building, of wood, at the extremity of a narrow lane, having something of a yard in front, in which women, children, saints and English sinners were waiting for the doors to be

opened when we arrived. When the bolts were drawn, every one rushed for a good place, but were stopped by the janitor, who required us to take off our shoes. Some were so fortunate as to obtain slippers, but myself and companions pushed on in our stocking feet.

Within, the entire body of the mosque was given up to the dervishes, with the exception of one corner, separated by a rail, behind which, Christian spectators and others were permitted to stand. Directly over the front entrance was a small gallery, or orchestra box, for musicians, and on the opposite side, a corner concealed by fine wooden gratings, behind which females were indulged with a peep without being seen. The floor was a clean, well scrubbed pine one, smooth and shining, from the polishing action of human feet year after year.

A priest of mild expression, advanced in years, and of small stature, marched into the arena, and having a sheepskin with the wool on spread, squatted down upon it. Immediately the brethren came in, to the number of five and twenty, dressed in closely-fitting jackets, high felt caps of a sugar loaf form, minus a brim, full drab colored petticoats, and barefooted.

Taking their places in a circle, two feet apart, with the right hand on the left shoulder of the next, the group had a picturesque appearance in the stand still position. Prayers were muttered by the director-general on the sheepskin; and when concluded, the music of a ney—a flute blown by applying the lips at the end—commenced, accompanied by tambourines, hand clappings, and sometimes the voice. It was the first and only time I ever heard anything like harmony in the country, from native performers, with the exception of some of the Sultan's bands. Waiting with closed eyes till the music became loud, and to them exciting, each one began to turn on his own axis, while he progressed round the periphery of the great circle described by the whole company. They whirled faster and faster, cramping their toes into the boards till the veins swelled to the size of drum cords, and the instruments became louder and louder, and the air quicker, till the point of exaltation had been carried as far as the system would bear, when they simultaneously came to a stand still.

After resting a few moments, they re-formed again, and repeated the series of displays. Their faces were flushed, their eyes rolled up to the zenith with a devotional cast, and when too giddy to stand a moment longer, they were considered in the most intimate communication with the prophet.

[See engraving of Whirling Dervishes, page 58.]

Having ascertained that an extraordinary religious ceremony would take place at the mosque of the Howling Dervishes, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, we proceeded there in a caique, at a seasonable hour in the morning, to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the whole. The orgies of these fanatics are among the strangest exhibitions of humanity in the great city of the Sultan. From an historical inquiry, they appear to be really and truly the last remnant of the fire worshippers of antiquity. Unfortunately, the rain was pattering so freely, that in walking up the hill to the mosque we were both ladened with mud, and made thoroughly uncomfortable for want of umbrellas.

On reaching the door, no admission could be obtained for more than an hour, as the dervishes were in prayer. We were compelled, therefore, to stand wherever the rain could be best avoided, already saturated, and raked by a cold, sleety wind.

After waiting the longest hour imaginable, the outer gate of the yard opened, and the rabble immediately made for the door. But before any one was allowed to pass the threshhold, sugar plums and rose colored sherbet were gratuitously and plentifully distributed. Each one drank what quantity he wished; and those who filled their pockets with the confectionary, heard no remonstrances. Some pious foundation probably supports this custom.

These fantastic exhibitors are descendants of the Baalites, whose temples once abounded throughout Northern Asia, four hundred of whose priests were slain by Elijah on the banks of the river Kishon, near Mount Carmel, in Syria—a spot which I visited with no ordinary emotions.

When Mahommedanism began to spread abroad under the irresistible influence of Damascus sword blades, these mad fellows cunningly engrafted just enough of the new religion upon their old unmeaning bloody rites to save their necks; and although they would soon shake off the trammels of Moslemism if they dared, these prophets of Baal are among the most devout of the orthodox and sanctified worshippers, in appearance, in the orient.

The mosque of the howling dervishes at Scutari has side galleries, one being occupied by

women, who are screened from vulgar eyes by fine lattice work, and the opposite one was filled with men. No females were admitted on the lower floor, as spectators.

On entering from the front door, we turned to the right, into a kind of long pew, separated from the main apartment. The operating floor of the mosque where the devotees assemble, is about forty feet square. At one end of the apartment sat the principal priest, a man of about fifty, with keen, restless eyes. On either side he was supported by inferior priests, conjectured to be assistants, from the magnitude of their turbans and the fashion of their robes. They all sat on the floor on their cushions. Back of them, next to the wall, were several very large, fat, gray-bearded, eminent men, well accommodated on soft mats. That they were very honorable somebodies, was apparent from the obsequiousness of the divinities officiating in front.

Two parallel lines of worshippers extended down towards the other end of the mosque. On the plastering, suspended from the wall behind the chief operators, were horrible looking axes—one having a rounded cutting edge, full two feet long, and a tremendously long handle, befitting the hands of an Anak. Hooks, sharp spears, knives, and horribles without stint, were numerous, making a great collection of tormentors, the invention of a brain that must have delighted in the agonies of despair, making one's flesh crawl to gaze upon them. A recollection of their strange crooks, and keen, thorny points, makes me recoil with a chill. On the line midway between the floor and the galleries, were twenty-three full grown tambourines, eleven of the dimensions of a quart bowl, together with eight pair of metallic cymbals.

For a considerable time the fraternity were engaged in an ecstatic prayer, wagging their heads on either side, with closed eyes and outspread hands, while the principal priest kept up a demi-musical recitative articulation.

Suddenly, they sprang simultaneously to their feet, formed a circle, and placing the right arm over each other's shoulders, commenced a movement faintly resembling poor dancing, stamping to the time of a monotonous chant, and coursing round and round in a circle. A low hum, resembling the drone of a bagppipe, as we hear them in the Highlands of Scotland, an octave below the tone of the leader, produced a striking effect even upon myself, a mere spectator. How much more intense, then, on those who understood the language, who felt the spirituality of their exercises, and look to heaven for a reward.

By degrees the devotees warmed up till the mercury of their spirits reached the highest degree of infuriated enthusiasm. One after another threw off an upper garment, and all began to appear as wild as maniacs in their gesticulations. Next, the ring was broken, and lines again formed anew. The singing became more impassioned, and there they stood, bowing and swaying without moving their feet, precisely as the dancing girls of Upper Egypt entertain their patrons. Finally, two stout fellows, stripped to the skin, all but their drawers, marched up reverentially to the priest, who put into their strong hands two wooden balls, each of the ordinary dimensions of ninepin lignum vitæ rollers, some eight inches in diameter, projecting from which were poignards, ten inches long, bright and sharp. Giving themselves a haggard, demoniacal expression, the ball holders flourished them in all directions, bowed repeatedly, but held the wicked poignards so loosely, and such was their careless activity, that I involuntarily skulked behind a pillar sustaining the gallery, lest one of them should slip from their grasp, and transfix my humble self like a dead fly to the wall.

At a moment when the whole amused assembly were contemplating the strange scene, and the inflamed disciples were wrought to the highest bearable point of extreme excitement, amid the din of tambourines, drums, cymbals, chants and intermittent howls—low, solemn and unearthly—one of them fell on his back, with the keen point of the dagger resting on the pit of his stomach. With a firm hold he held the gleaming steel perpendicularly with both hands, the wooden ball being above his clenched fingers.

At this particular juncture, a resident of New York, bearing the name of Brown, burst into an uproarous horse laugh, to the astonishment, mortification and alarm of all the European strangers present. Had he cried, we should not have wondered; but to burst forth with a sardonic laugh, dumbfounded all the spectators. I tapped him instantly on the shoulder, and implored him, in the name of decency, propriety, and the laws of good breeding, to hold his tongue, as he actually endangered our lives.

Nothing would sooner rouse the sleeping lion, and in the twinkling of an eye kindle up a smothered hatred to Christians, like an insult of that atrocious character, in a mosque, while they were celebrating the mysteries of their religion.

Fig. 2170 and 2171.

Fortunately, the bewildering combination of noises from the instruments, human howls and clapping of the hands, prevented the worshippers from hearing Mr. Brown's ill-timed and inappropriate mirth. Had it been otherwise, and his vulgarian voice been recognized above the regular uproar of the occasion, there is no predicting what might have been the consequences of that unaccountable explosion of vulgarity.

While the inspired shirtless Samson was lying thus on the floor, face upwards, with the dagger pricking his skin, one of the priests, supported by putting his hands on the open palms of two assistants, stepped up and actually stood with one foot on the ball! I trembled with apprehension, for fear the weight of the holy old director should drive the sharp instrument through the prostrate body into the floor. Because the weight of the priest did not force the poignard in the line of direction and kill the man outright, it was denominated a miracle! Surely, he was strong, unusually so, to have thus sustained a load of such ponderosity as the corporation of the priest, and by his fingers alone.

The Turks are immensely powerful, both in raising burdens, and in sustaining them on their backs. I once met a porter in a street of Smyrna, carrying a barrel of New England rum on his back. I knew what it was by the lettering on the head. Yet he walked off as carelessly as though it was not particularly difficult to sustain the weight.

By a prodigious digital power, the ball was kept up to its original level, although laden by the fat old Baalite. Had it settled the eighth of an inch, the needle point would have drawn blood, and the devotee run through the middle.

Next, five boys, from twelve ranging down to about six years of age, walked to the front of the calm priest, who took a sharp steel rod the size of a large sail needle, having a heavy flat handle in the form of a crozier, and thrust it through both cheeks of each lad—the handle being on one side, and the protruding point sticking out through the other.

Being between the jaws they could not be closed. The youngest flinched a little, but the other four were particularly firm. They then took their places, unable to shut their mouths, while the blood trickled down their chins. Their distorted faces were extremely painful objects to contemplate.

At this stage of the exhibition, miracles were to be wrought for the recovery of some sick persons. One after another laid flat down on the hard floor, while the well fed operator of a priest, in his stocking feet, trod on their bodies, and bore his whole weight on their chests. Five applicants were prostrate at once, over whom he walked with an air of unconcern, giving to each the pressure of his holy feet. Even a small infant was placed on the floor to receive the torture of the pontifical tread. One female was led forward also, veiled, who was placed on her face, whereas all the others laid on their backs.

When the steel stilettos were withdrawn from the bloody cheeks of the boys, I examined the wounds on one of them, and to my surprise, the little deceived chap declared that the accapuncturation did not hurt him. The gaping crowd of undignified Moslem starers viewed it as a most marvellous affair that neither of them were pained, maimed or injured—a convincing proof to them, of the divine nature of the act.

Government, to its lasting credit, has forbidden the practice of many of the cruel rites heretofore deemed essential, by this sect, as being too abominable, both in act and tendency. The feats I witnessed are only occasional. An American missionary, who has resided in Constantinople many years, told me he had never witnessed a scene analogous to what has been here described.

CHAPTER XII.

PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.

Contrasted with the fountains of Cairo, those of Constantinople are objects of attraction. They are protected by singularly contrived buildings, having a resemblance to one of the stories of a Chinese pagoda. Immensely wide eaves jut out from the main body, offering protection from the sun's rays or rain. That near the extreme gate of the seraglio, is studded over with sacred inscriptions from the Koran, and, by way of eminence, it is called the Well of Paradise. In point of elegance of design, and beautiful architectural proportions, the fountain near the richly-finished mausoleum of Mahmoud II excels all others. A crowd of thirsty, black-bearded Mussulmen were invariably drinking its pure water whenever we happened to pass it.

Water is brought to the capital from a distance. With a people proverbially temperate, both from choice and principle, an adequate supply was of the first consideration.

Water-bearers constitute a distinct class, who are divided into horse watermen and those who peddle the necessary of life from door to door. Those on foot, much after the custom in Egyptian cities, have strong leather bags, or skins taken whole from the animal, which they fill at the public fountains and retail to families. It is a tolerable source of income. On the other hand, the horse watermen merely lead about their laden beasts, the bags being large, and thus enabling them to return less frequently to replenish. All through the Orient, these skin bags, both for water and other purposes, when fluids are to be conveyed, are universal, as they doubtless always have been from a remote antiquity.

A third order of water-bearers, precisely, in all respects, like the charity water-carriers of Arabic cities, move about, supplying gratuitously whoever demands a swallow. They are paid from funds provided by conscientious, pious persons, whose benevolence must be always appreciated even by Christians when thirsty. These laborious fellows, always staggering under a heavy weight of the precious beverage, form a corporation by themselves. The patron of the guild is a Mahommedan saint, one Suleiman Kufaly, who once had the supreme happiness to present the Prophet water enough to satisfy his thirst. Being considered an honest, discreet sort of men, their entrance into houses is permitted at all hours. A multitude of families have no servants to send to the wells, and custom forbids the women to go, hence the sakas are allowed this freedom. Report accuses them of being artful dogs, however, who, under pretence of gravely supplying the families of their customers, are sadly guilty of intrigues, both

with the inmates of the harems and the menial female attendants.

A leather bag holding ten gallons, is sold for ten paras, equal to two cents only, of our currency, however far it may have been transported.

An officer, called Sou Nasier, has under him the Sou Ioldgi, and other hard-named servants and assistants, who have charge of all the fountains, keep them in repair, and see that no injury accrues to them.

While on the Giant's Mountain, we had a distant view of the whitewashed arches of the great aqueduct of Valens, one of the Greek emperors, who ascended the throne in the year 376. It conducts water from hills near the Black Sea, and thus all the principal cisterns are kept full.

BURIAL PLACES.

After having examined the immense burial fields of this great city, in which grave-stones are numerous beyond any examples in Christian lands, the question involuntarily obtruded itself thus: Where was so much stone manufactured?

All the burying yards are vastly extensive, filled with the tall, dark green cypress, and the grave-stones huddled together, leaning at all conceivable angles.

A flat stone is either laid over the grave, with a mortice at one end, into which the foot of the upright head-stone is inserted, or a pretty solid stone block is partly imbedded at the head of the grave, and the tenon of the head slab let into that.

If the grave of a male, the head-stone is surmounted by a heavy excrescence, made to imitate a turban. The patterns are various, and so is the workmanship. Millions of them have fallen, been broken, and others tumble over the first, and thus the burial place is lost sight of in a few years, beyond the recovery of friends.

All the yards are dark, damp and dreary, by reason of the compactness of the trees.

On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the cemetery of Scutari far exceeds all others in magnitude that I have seen in any country—being over three miles long, by a mile in width, apparently, and perhaps really so, in several places. As but one body is allowed to be put in a grave, it will explain the amazing dimensions of the still increasing city of the dead.

We rode by it on horseback, but did not penetrate its interior, dark and gloomy, like a primitive forest. Paths stood out in various directions, and there are a few avenues, obstructed by heaps of broken grave-stones and other accumulations.

Some travellers have been particular to dwell with enthusiasm on the beautiful appearance of the cypress, and especially in Turkish cemeteries, as being both majestic and solemnly appropriate to that especial service. To me it appears stiff, gloomy and unyielding. Forbidding, as any graveyard must be, tasteless as those are at Constantinople, they are made infinitely more so by those sad-looking trees.

In consequence of the universality of the custom to have stones at the head and foot of every grave, the manufacture of them is a productive trade. All the shops and sheds of those who work in stone, are filled, wherever there is room, with those ready for market, of various kinds and cost.

In connection with this profitable business, books of epitaphs are kept by the dealers, out of which mourning friends select something appropriate to the circumstances, character, moral worth and other qualities of their deceased friends.

A funeral is a hurried ceremony, which is presumed to be the means of burying many alive. It is a historical fact that Othman III was actually put into the sarcophagus while in an unconscious condition that led to the opinion he was dead. Mustapha III was immediately raised to the throne. Before the ceremony was concluded, it seems that his late august predecessor began to manifest unmistakable signs of returning life. The grand vizier, however, soon put all uneasiness on that score to rest, by heaping on a pile of gravel.

This Mustapha, who thus got into power in 1757, made rapid advances in civilization. Such was his respect for medical learning that he caused the works of Boerhaave to be translated into the language of the country; and further, had his son inoculated for the small pox.

Coffins are not common. After various washings of the body by persons set apart for it in the community, and the funeral clothing put on, a large sheet is wound round it, being long enough to be tied into a knot at either extremity. Next, it is carried away on a bier. Hired mourners perform their part finely in counterfeiting grief.

The mausolea of the sultans are curiosities which, on no account, should be overlooked by the traveller. Kadines, those distinguished females of whom mention has been already made, as being set apart to be mothers of the royal

children, cannot be placed after death in the same apartment with the illustrious father of their children, because they were slaves. Mothers of sultans, their daughters and sons, are allowed the honor of a royal sepulchre, with their relations.

The mausoleum of Solyman, and that of Mahmoud II, are truly beautiful, bearing no kind of resemblance to the sombre abodes of death to which we are accustomed, where civilization is credited with improving the public taste. Besides large, airy, above-ground apartments, well lighted, and ornamented with book stands for pious readers of the Koran, there are glass lamps, beautiful metallic candlesticks, lamps, ostrich eggs, elegant marble floors, drapery, heavy silk coverings, tassels, cashmere shawls, and rich parcels of carpeting.

A sandooka is a kind of wooden coffin, laid on the floor, on a marble slab that covers the body. A sultan's box is disproportionately large, but it is, therefore, the more imperial. Seven shawls, together with a bit of the holy veil brought from Mecca, adds to its sanctity.

Mounted at the elevated end of the sandooka, is a rich turban, bearing a cluster of diamonds in front.

Mahmoud II lies in state, quite alone. His mother, who is represented to have been the daughter of Charles VII, of France, is near by, which this conquering hero prepared sometime before his own death. While quite young, on the way to become the queen of John V, the Greek emperor, she was taken prisoner by a Turkish corsair, and given as an acceptable present to Murad II, the father of Mahommed II, whose existence was due to that extraordinary misfortune of his mother. The grandmother of Medjid, the mother of Mahmoud II, lies buried within the same enclosure.

Bajazet II, Selim I, Solyman I, Selim II and Murad, are objects of curiosity. This last named Sultan, Murad III, has by his side *seventeen murdered brothers and the son of Mahommed III.* Achmet I, Murad IV, and Osman II, strangled by the Janizaries, in 1622, and a host of murdered princes who were put out of the way on the ascension of a new ruler on the throne, are sad and awful memorials of the bloody scenes that have been enacted in Constantinople, and may again be repeated.

But the mausoleum of Mahmoud II is far superior to all others, and as a piece of architecture, is truly a remarkable monument of taste and skill. We walked about in the vast room containing biers, sandookas, carved balustrades, drapery, Korans, shawls, jewels, aigrettes, peering through the magnificent windows to a fairy fountain which belongs to the design, and it was difficult to realize that the dead were exclusively in the occupancy of the costly construction.

Spread about the lofty apartment are the indicated remains of the children and sisters of the stern, imperial Mahmoud. The female graves are not surmounted by turbans, while each prince is marked by that never-to-be-neglected emblem of royal condition, by the accident of birth.

Some of the sepulchres of the mothers of sultans are evidences of a profound respect for their memory by their turbulent sons. If they even make a show of human affection, it is towards them. Very little is exhibited for fathers or brothers.

CHAPTER XIII.

CUSTOMS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

While walking about the city, threading my way through narrow streets, strange sights were perpetually presented, so unlike the ordinary occurrences in European towns, that it is difficult to make rapid progress. Such is the influence of novelty, combined with an instinctive desire to examine each oddity in detail, a week soon passes away in Constantinople.

Horses are kept saddled near the landing-places of the Bosphorus, in various thoroughfares, where they can be hired very reasonably for an excursion. They were not usually accompanied by their owners or grooms, as at Beyroot, in Syria. There they never trust strangers with their animals far out of sight. Turkish horses are spirited, tender on the bit, thoroughly broken, and, to my taste, far preferable to donkeys for trips in the neighborhood.

The multitude is ordinarily on foot. Officers, gentlemen quite out of reach of the vulgar throng, either by their position or wealth, are frequently met on horseback, which is the only way of going abroad, unless they take to their feet like the masses, moving about in solid columns.

If ladies ever appear on the saddle, it so happened that I did not see them. At Pera there is one street wide enough, by adroit driving, to allow an ugly cart to pass along, filled with females, called an arabat. It is drawn by oxen, conducted by a barelegged fellow who manages his team with peculiar tact. A drawing is introduced to show how the carriage is constructed, occupied and drawn. All the women are closely veiled, of course, sitting on the bottom. The jolting is fully equal to that of a Western New York wagon, passing over a pole bridge.

These arabats are frequently met on the way to the outskirts of the city, to some favorite country place, the sweet waters, etc., gaily dressed with ribbons, and even the horns of the oxen serve for the support of long streamers.

[For picture of an Arabat, see page 61.]

Although the faces of the select party are properly secured, they contrive to see through the gauze coverings very distinctly, and chat and laugh with a heartiness, as the ugly machine rumbles along over the rough pavements, as though there was actual enjoyment in taking an airing in an ox cart.

Another common mode of riding out, is to get into a *teleka*—a coarse, heavy coach, drawn by one horse, led by a servant. Many of them are elaborately gilded. Being without seats, ladies sit flat on the floor, facing each other. As the side door has no glass window or blind, they seem to manifest a gratification in witnessing the living panorama of the streets.

Not unfrequently, the occupants of a teleka pop their heads out to stare an infidel in the face, which affords an opportunity for showing their brilliant khol painted eyelids.

Nature has bestowed upon the imported ladies —Circassians and Georgians—the finest of faces, and beauty of expression, which, heightened by art, make it no every day feat to look one of them directly in the eye.

Groups of beauties may be seen in fine weather a little beyond the reach of noise and confusion inseparable from the stir of nearly a million of inhabitants, quietly seated under the shade of a tree, chatting, or moving in a very small circle about those who are lounging on bits of carpeting. Servants are invariably near at hand, and such is the vigilance with which ladies are watched, that it rarely happens they feel quite secure enough to wholly uncover their faces. To expose them, would be a scandal not easily overlooked. Their heads have the appearance of being bandaged; but the material is perfectly gossamer in texture, and quite transparent, so that all their beauties are actually heightened by the very process devised for concealing them.

Female dress appears to a stranger to be always the same in Constantinople, among those regarded as ladies. The extreme lightness, uniformity of pattern, color, even to their yellow slippers, is a marked peculiarity. They are not tall, but of medium size and height, but inclined to fatness. A life of indolence, and that chiefly in a reclining posture; living on sweatmeats, fruits, drinking milk, and being wholly freed from mental anxiety, conduces to this physical condition. Their longevity, as far as has been ascertained, is not remarkable.

Under all circumstances, in door and out, the floor is where all the Orientals seat themselves —or as near the earth's surface as possible. Thus men and women in the mosque, in their own houses, abroad for pleasure in the green fields, gazing on a destructive conflagration, listening to a story teller, watching the bewitching gestures of a dancing girl, or simply smoking away life, without care or thought for the future, or regrets for the past, they must be flat down near the ground. Of course, the rank and pecuniary ability of an individual determines the quality of the material between him and the dirt. A straw mat answers for one, a Persian rug for another, a yard of stair carpeting for a third.

It did not occur to me to examine the interior of the royal box—a complicated construction in all the first class mosques, where the Sultan ascends by stairs and goes through his devotions unseen—with reference to ascertaining whether he sits on the floor as his subjects do.

As in Egypt and Palestine—in fact, throughout all Asia Minor, wherever I have travelled—a chair, stool, or a substitute for them, are quite unknown as articles of furniture. If they mount an elevation, as a trunk for example, their legs are drawn up under them, and thus the position is precisely what it would have been on the floor.

When an Arab camel driver becomes fatigued by walking at the side of his patient beast, the posture of ease, when mounted on the saddle, is to coil up his limbs, and convert the calves of both legs into a sort of cushion.

There is scarcely a mechanical pursuit in which the artisan does not have that national attitude. Hundreds of pipe-makers may be seen in the bazaars manufacturing mouth-pieces and long stems, in turning lathes, which are scarcely six inches above the floor. The turner sits on the floor, whirls the thing to be turned backward and forward with a bow in the right hand, and holds the handle of the chisel in the left foot, guiding the cutting edge with his toes!

Shopkeepers, accountants, clerks in offices and public functionaries are all down on the same low level, gracing the locality in a court of law with the name of divan. I once saw a judge on the bench in his stocking feet, using his knee for a writing-desk.

Musicians take the floor, too. Their wretched music is made worse than it need be, owing to the extreme difficulty of properly managing some of their instruments in a sitting posture. An exception is found to this general rule in regard to musicians, however, in military bands. But left to themselves, they would instinctively settle down into the most comfortable attitude known to them—making a cushion of their extremities. In short, there is no condition of life in which a Turk can be placed, that does not differ essentially from the European. His virtues are his own exclusively, and his vices bear no resemblance to the Christian's. He is honest from principle, and a fiend in the cause of his faith.

Vast numbers of Turkish women are met in Constantinople, in yellow morocco boots, protected by peaked-toed slippers without heels, strangely secured against the prying curiosity of infidels. In the market, too, they press onward

A TURKISH ARABAT.—SEE PAGE 59.

in groups, inspecting jewelry, pricing delicate fabrics, and above all, speculating, no doubt, on the busy world before them. When thrown off their guard—which is not an unfrequent occurrence—the bandage intended to secure all of the face below the eyes, slips quite to the mouth. And the first glimpse of a man who dares turn his eyes upon her, reminds them instantly to lift the silken swathe up to its place. It is, therefore, a state of vigilance to keep bandaged satisfactorily.

Each and every person who has the ability, is ambitious to be dressed in the best manner. Ladies must spend considerable in the purchase of some of the textures peculiar to their wardrobe, although the fashion appears to remain the same.

No garment could less interfere with the freedom of the body, than those worn by the men. They are loose, tasteful, and very much add to the dignified appearance of those who are well dressed. Colors are various; no pervading hue seems at any time to be the rage. The cut, however, is ever the same. A close fitting coat, European pantaloons, with stockings and boots, came into Turkey when Mahmoud brought about that unlooked for revolution, the subjugation and slaughter of the Janizaries. The Turkish gentlemen, however, the lover of the soil and the hater of Jews, copies his ancestors, of glorious memory, who planted their banner where it still remains. Large pantaloons, without buttons, held up by a string or a rich silk scarf; with a scarlet, blue or red outer covering, having large sack sleeves, a clean white turban and a freshly shaven head, makes no contemptible appearance.

[For picture of a Turkish Gentleman, see page 69.]

A distinguished appendage of a handsome Turk is a bushy coal black beard; where nature has provided one, it is nurtured with pride. All who would like one, have not that felicity. This sketch exhibits a real character, who barely coaxes out a little feeble growth of furze on the upper lip.

No one questions that they dye their beards, since it is incredible that a nation should be constituted of black-bearded men, exclusively. I have seen some with red beard and whiskers, but they are rare. A color so disagreeable as they view it, is made intensely black by processes unknown to us—far more simple than the expensive preparations used by waning bachelors amongst us, who aspire to be always young.

Whenever there is a sudden commotion that brings rapidly together a large number of men —as for example, the fall from a horse—it affords a perfect illustration of the character and fitness of their clothes—giving a striking contrast between the soft garments of the rich, with the coarse and homely coverings of the poor.

A perfect development of the body is never retarded by the vice of dress with these people, which is an advantage of the first consideration. In no country are there fewer distortions or malformations than in Turkey. It is quite remarkable to see a cripple in the streets of Constantinople; and as for spinal diseases, these very rarely exist in the humble walks of life, although females of the lowest orders sustain heavy burdens upon their heads for transportation. Perhaps it is a labor imposed upon the cervicle and spinal muscles that conduces both to their strength, firmness of the bony column, and exemption from forms of disease that appertain to indolence and closely-fitted garments.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOSPITALS.

CHARITY is a distinguished virtue in the estimation of the Mahommedans. Constantinople cherishes many institutions which have in view the comfort of the unfortunate. Hospitals in all other countries originated in a philanthropic and truly Christian spirit; but it is very questionable whether any higher principle than economy led to their establishment by the Sultans. Certainly Christianity had nothing to do with their development.

It was thought good policy, probably, to mend and repair those savage villains who have composed the armies of a series of bloody, conquering Moslem heroes, rather than the country of men, totally ignorant of arms.

I did not pay much attention, however, to the purely Turkish hospitals. Left to themselves, the loss of life, through the ignorance of the native medical attendants, would be terrific. From a knowledge of their own incapacity, they employed European physicians and surgeons.

One of the best and most extensive hospitals belongs to the Greeks, located a short distance from the famous Seven Towers. With its immensely long wings, and ample accommodations, it appeared to be a receptacle for all who have no means of providing for themselves, when overtaken with sickness.

A large court was embraced by the hospital, in which there were drying grounds for cloths, and paths for patients to take exercise, entered through a high gate.

An office on the right hand was immediately within the arch, where we obtained permission to go precisely where there was nothing to be seen of the institution.

Application had been made to the physician of the establishment, a Greek, several days before, for an opportunity to inspect the establishment, but it was disregarded, although he was informed that a medical stranger from America solicited the favor. Fearing that by waiting longer, the opportunity would be wholly lost, as all hope of a pass from the doctor had been abandoned, we rode on horseback to it. The ride afforded a fine view of the city from another point; gave us a correct idea of the Armenian and Greek quarters, beside the Seven Towers and other objects of historical importance.

After lounging about the enclosure a little time, we walked into the office, where the directors happened to be on business. We made a request of them to go through the wards, stating that the object was to compare their accommodations and methods of treatment, with similar charities in other countries.

On stating the fact that I was a physician, many civilities followed quite beyond our expec-

tations. Our names and country were requested. Being seated, staring each other in the face, neither party could possibly make the other comprehend what the other said, very satisfactorily.

However, one of the gentlemen marched to me with a sugar bowl on a tray, with a silver teaspoon. Not knowing what was required, and hesitating, he made a motion for me to take a dose out of the vessel. It was a red jelly-like confection, which created an immediate thirst on being swallowed. That was the object, to give a relish to some tiny cups of coffee that forthwith followed.

The directors then led off from one apartment to another. We next requested to examine the insane. They granted the request with extreme reluctance, and well they might, from a consciousness that they both practised and tolerated something wrong in their treatment.

Both men, boys and women were actually chained by their necks or wrists, to iron bolts in the floor. Mattresses were on the floor, far enough asunder to prevent the wretched creatures from interfering with one another.

A boy had bruised his own head shockingly, either with his chain, or upon the floor. Some were asleep, stupid, or exhausted by the weight of their miseries. A finely-developed Greek, from one of the islands, had been apprehended by the Turkish authorities on account of some insurrectionary demonstration that would have cost him his life, had it not been for the discovery that the bold hater of the Turks was unquestionably insane.

The Greeks pleaded for him successfully, and agreed to keep him a strictly secured prisoner for five years, at their own cost, and the custody of a daring fellow was given over to them. His eyes sparkled while relating his wrongs,—declaring at the same breath, that he was no more insane than his keepers, although heavily chained. Were he to get loose, the hospital would feel the vengeance of the law.

We did not continue our explorations very far, because the little shown was too painful to be prolonged. No effort at kindness, no soothing sounds strike the ears of those poor afflicted human beings.

I believe the insane are fed and clothed, and the best of intentions influence those who have them in charge. But it will be a long period before people in Constantinople can feel that it is safe or humane to permit lunatics to exercise in a yard.

In the Turkish asylums, the system is precisely what it is under the administration of the Greeks—shockingly bad. Probably Greek physicians are employed, where any medical man is commissioned to visit them.

On the whole, the process of management in a great moristan or madhouse, visited by me in Cairo, is superior to the practice in Turkey, inasmuch as chains were not used, and the incarcerated, reason-bereft inmates had tolerable sized rooms, and no interruptions in the way of exercise in walking in them.

All other hospitals are conducted as they are everywhere else, when under the judicious control of European surgeons, as most of them are. It is quite unnecessary to devote a line further to them, since the whole may be summed up thus, viz., the sick soldiers are received, and the surgeons cure them if they can.

Opium is both smoked as well as taken, it is surmised, in a Christian manner, by swallowing. This vice they unquestionably learned of Europeans; but the practice of excessive stimulation is confined to circles of the rich exclusively. It is not impossible that hashherb, a composition in which is a portion of the extract of Indian hemp, may be secretly used at some of the out-of-the-way coffee houses. The Turks study how to stimulate themselves, without producing intoxication. Philters, or what might vulgarly enough be denominated *love powders*, are always in requisition to recruit the exhausted powers of persons of the first rank.

Hakim Bashy, a great somebody, of whom we know nothing, consequential as he is at home, rose in favor, obtained wealth and the particular friendship of Sultan Mahmoud, who died, as before stated, of delirium tremens, because he kept his royal patron in a present constant state of animal exaltation by the madjoon he invented for the purpose. The Sultan considered himself wonderfully invigorated in the manner he most desired, by the quack's medicines, says report.

An apothecary cannot succeed in Constantinople, unless he can prepare some sort of madjoon. All the Turks of a certain condition call for these supposed restoratives of an abused constitution. Some are lucky enough to have it bruited abroad that they have discovered a new preparation—a never-failing bracer, and, of course, it creates a sensation in the circle where such intelligence outweighs all other considerations.

Those so much coveted compositions are usually a mixture of cloves, musk, cinnamon, and similar spices; but their efficacy is in part due to excited imaginations. Had the druggists the knowledge we possess of the specific action of *helonius divœciæ*, some strange physiological phenomena might be anticipated.

An impression is entertained among these self-satisfied people, that the introduction of costly gems, such as diamonds, pearls, etc., or silver and gold, adds prodigiously to the active medicinal virtues. Thus a pharmaceutic preparation is patent according to its cost. When such singular doses are ordered for the rich, the druggist contrives to cheat them out of the real articles, and substitutes something else, for which he obtains a gratifying profit.

On the other hand, medicines are actually put up for the purpose of tranquillizing the passions, influenced and excited by a life of dreamy seclusion in a harem, without a single intellectual pursuit, where youth and beauty are made prisoners for life, the property, perhaps, of an old man in his dotage.

Certain old women abound in Constantinople who are in perpetual request by natives as well as enlightened foreigners, on account of their accredited skill in curing obscure chronic maladies. Indeed they are the great quacks of Turkey, penetrating the interior of families, and sowing the seeds of discontent where the master contemplates his treasures, not by stocks, bonds and mortgages, but by the transcendant beauty of his wives. These old hags officiate in various capacities, and perform services for their employers that would be quite new to society in New England.

CHAPTER XV.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Notwithstanding the extent of the Ottoman empire, and the navigable waters at the command of the people, no progress has been made in maritime enterprise. The Turks are not seamen, even under the best advantages for developing nautical skill. With hundreds of beautiful harbors; the Black Sea with its incalculable riches, and the seat of empire, Constantinople, in the focus of natural trade for the whole world, were it not for the persevering energy of European nations and the Americans, but very few vessels would ever glide over the bosom of their own waters.

They possess neither taste nor mechanical ingenuity in naval architecture, although the government, at the present moment, has some of the finest warships and steamers that ever floated through the Dardanelles. To foreign artisans and foreign designers is Turkey indebted for all her beautiful vessels, whether steamers or men-of-war.

Greeks are valuable sailors, and there is an energy of character in them. The commercial relations of their former oppressive masters with other countries, where any existed, was through their efforts. They built fine coasting vessels, and sent their workmen to those islands that furnished the most appropriate timber to construct ships; and had it not been for the short-sighted policy of the divan, instead of discouraging and embarrassing their efforts, the Mediterranean, ages since, would have been swarming with masts bearing the crescent.

After the achievement of Grecian independence, which was accomplished by the most heroic deeds of daring, and the memorials of the revolution had become partially forgotten by the masses of bigoted Mussulmen, the industrious Greeks renewed their business of ship-building at Rhodes, and other equally advantageous stations for commercial thrift; but Turkish ignorance, stupidity and jealousy drove them off, never to return till better times came round.

Mr. Eckford, an American naval constructor, under the patronage of the late efficient Sultan, Mahmoud II, designed and completed ships that are unequalled for beauty, capacity and thoroughness, and it might perhaps be said, in magnitude. Even with such vessels, as good as they could be, the government could never rely upon its Turkish subjects to man the ropes, or navigate them at sea.

Greeks formed a majority of the seamen, and although the number retained on board the Marmodiah, the wonder of the day, is so small as scarcely to be sufficient for manning the yards, still they are mostly Greeks. There is a prospect that the few vessels lying before the mosque

in the Golden Horn, will, piecemeal, fall into decay, and finally drop to pieces in front of the arsenal.

Some of the highest naval functionaries were never out sight of land. An admiral of the fleet may have been raised from the bench of a shoemaker. It is sufficient, if the Sultan wills it, he can make or unmake at his pleasure. Experience seems to be no recommendation at all, either with his Serene Highness on the throne, or in the great council of state, for commanding positions in the naval service. Repeated instances are recorded of men being converted from land favorites to marine heroes, who, perhaps, were never on the deck of a gunship, till they walked it with the dignity of commander-in-chief.

It is impossible, therefore, with such views of what is necessary as a qualification for maritime life, that either a mercantile or national marine could thrive. The Turkish mind seems not to comprehend why a successful Pasha may not navigate the ocean, and achieve glory on the restless billows, as well as with an army on terra firma.

Daring as they are on their own soil, or when goaded on by a fanatical spirit for the subjugation of Christian infidels in war, they are wholly destitute of those properties which fit men for the excitements of ocean life. They, therefore, must always be dependent on foreigners for manning their vessels, and consequently no progress has or ever will be made by them in commercial trade or intercourse.

A nation, however favorably located and ambitious, in this age, cannot make advances in power, and certainly not in civilization, without the first element of national grandeur—commerce. Hence the Turks must deteriorate, and lose instead of gaining wealth or vitality. Their institutions cannot stand under the influences to which they are exposed through the direct influence of Christian powers. While the world is advancing in intelligence and moral strength, Turkey withers and wanes.

In speaking of the celebrated Island of Rhodes, in the course of these observations, the absurd policy of the Turks will be shown, in the signal manner in which they have contrived to drive to the verge of destruction one of the fairest and most productive islands in the Mediterranean, by forcing away the Greek ship-builders. If they cannot have a perfect monopoly, the government prefers to have nothing at all.

Several beautifully modelled steamboats, lying at Constantinople, appear rather objects of interest than utility. Occasionally one of them is seen moving, but rarely. On a certain occasion, when the Sultan had gone through with the drudgery of state, on Friday, having said his prayers in a royal manner, while the troops were under arms and the population in commotion to obtain a peep at the unmatched monarch, he slid away from public gaze, and was rowed rapidly to a steamer in the Golden Horn. I saw him ascend the gangway with a lively step. The steam was not on, and he must have either amused himself by inspecting the machinery and interior finish, or, screened by a partition, he speculated upon the multitude of human beings who were watching his august movements. We could not discover when he took his leave, or how or when he returned to the palace.

An old fashioned steamboat that used to ply between Bangor and Boston, many years ago, is gradually turning into dust, near where the fleet is anchored.

When the late Sultan purchased it of some enterprising Yankee, who had the temerity to cross the Atlantic in the frail thing, it must have been considered a masterpiece of mechanism, or it never could have been disposed of at all. The heavy, coarse build, the ungracefulness of the hull, the bluntness of the bow, and the general uncouthness of the boat as a whole, is in striking contrast with the light, elegant French and English boats since purchased by the Sultan.

While at Constantinople, we saw a magnificent steamboat, of medium size, that had been presented to the Sultan by his wary vassal, the Viceroy of Egypt, Abbas Pasha. Although constructed, said report, mainly at Alexandria, it was thoroughly an English boat, and probably built in England, where his Egyptian Highness has had several orders of that kind executed.

Just before my arrival at Smyrna, the Sultan had been there, and made an excursion through some parts of the city. He came down from Constantinople in one of the steamers.

Preparations had been made on a magnificent scale, in Oriental taste, we were informed, by the Pasha of Smyrna, even to lodging the descendant of the Prophet on shore over night. But his majesty, for reasons best known to himself, merely rode through some of the principal streets, and quickly returned to the boat.

It was remarked that even while on horseback, the little time that he was mounted, he betrayed

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evident symptoms of uneasiness. He probably felt that a bullet from an obscure window might be as detrimental to his royal head, in Smyrna as anywhere else.

No enthusiasm was discoverable in the people; no cries of "Live forever, O king!" nor was a single gun fired in honor of their sovereign's arrival or departure. It is not customary to manifest their satisfaction either by an uproar or fine speeches, but with the smoke of tobacco pipes.

Had Sultan Medjid inquired into the statistics of the loyal city, he would have ascertained the population to be not far from two hundred thousand, composed of Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Christians and Turks.

Mosques are numerous, but not remarkably elegant. All the public offices are mean looking retreats, in which very grave, eminent persons smoke away life, dipping largely into the revenues that pass through their fingers. A more proverbially honest set of merchants could not be found. In all their extensive bargainings with foreign merchants, their word is always sufficient, and a strict fulfilment of their obligations is rarely violated in the slightest degree. The Sultan might have been instructed in regard to the commercial enterprise of his principal maritime city, had he had a particle of curiosity or anxiety to understand the resources of a flourishing port.

Whether any of the ladies of the royal household accompanied their lord and master, was not known; and it was equally uncertain in what way he was provided for on board. Of course, every measure was taken to make the excursion as agreeable as possible, but what would be held to be so, was a question that the European residents were curious to ascertain.

The trip was extended no further than Smyrna, and it may be safely presumed the Sultan has never been a greater distance from Constantinople in any direction, within the boundaries of his ample Moslem estate. His predecessors were never distinguished for a love of travel.

When roused by a love of conquest, some of them have exhibited the ferocity of tigers, accompanying their armies more for the purpose of goading them on to exterminating slaughter, than from feelings of humanity, to prevent misery, studying the resources, or contemplating the benefit of the country. As a mere tour of pleasure, Sultan Medjid's hasty voyage to Smyrna has had no precedent in the history of his family.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEIGHBORHOOD OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

One of the perplexing circumstances attending a visit to Constantinople, grows out of the difficulty of determining where the city is and where it is not. No such embarrassment is felt in any other place in Turkey. From its location on both sides of the Bosphorus, and the complicated network of narrow lanes, often very steep, dark, and forbidding to a stranger, although dignified as streets, without a guide familiar with each and every curve, minaret and landmark, it is impossible to explore either the city or the environs.

One day we crossed over to Scutari, having fine horses for an excursion on the Asiatic side. After passing beyond the immediate margin of the houses which defined the line of city population, the country opened magnificently. Vast fields of rich, but miserably cultivated land were spread out as far as the power of vision extended. There were scarcely any land divisions, except near some solitary dwelling. About three miles distant from the Bosphorus carried us quite beyond even country establishments.

Several large houses, having a lonely, solitary appearance, with latticed windows, the probable temporary residences of well-to-do gentlemen of the city, were passed, but neither cheerfulness of aspect, the hum of human industry, nor tasteful improvement of the grounds, was recognized in a single instance.

No carriages rumble along the way, for the best of reasons, viz., there are no roads that would admit them. Those excessively awkward, fantastically ornamented ox carts, which are occasionally driven through one of the streets of Pera, perhaps the only one in that section of Constantinople wide enough to admit a wheeled vehicle, are rarely to be found anywhere but there, and on the way to the Sweet Waters.

Occasionally we passed a fat Turk, trotting at a leisurely pace, who appeared to be at peace with the whole world, from the complacency with which he contemplated the picturesque scenery at the base of a grand elevation called Bugerloo.

A few females were grouping their course between the tall tombstones of the vast cemetery—the largest, no doubt, in any country of modern times; but they invariably drew down their veils as we neared them, and wandered off among the trunks of the tall sombre cypresses, quite beyond the ken of vision.

After galloping from one point of interest to another, we finally ascended the side of Bugerloo. The elevation is sufficient to give a view of the city and vicinity, which, for beauty of appearance, is unrivalled. The domes, minarets, columns, towers and lofty edifices, have a splendid and truly imposing air of richness, magnifi-

cence and grandeur from that lovely but neglected position.

Those lovely edifices were presumed to be the country residences of such denizens of the great city as prefer to be beyond the scrutiny of their prying neighbors.

Some of the most costly, and certainly by far the pleasantest dwellings in the possession of the Turks, are on both sides of the Bosphorus, towards the Black Sea. They always have a sombre look, however, there being none of those appendages of a domestic establishment, like those of Europe or America, which give animation to it.

No open doors are permitted; noisy, frolicking children never enliven the apartment, so that the passer-by recognizes no indications of that kind of every-day felicity which characterizes the homes of a corresponding class in other countries. By this I mean corresponding in that social position which has its foundation in property, but in no other way.

Scutari has many objects of interest for the stranger, but it seems to be rather neglected, in consequence of its locality on the shore of another continent. It is a city in all the essential characteristics, although viewed and governed as a section of the city of the Sultan. A carriage might pass tolerably well through some of the streets, which are wide, and kept in better condition than at Pera, on the opposite side.

Here is a beautiful valley—Bulbul Derici—the home of the nightingales, which, in connection with the magnificent hill of Bonkgalen, under any other people than the satisfied Turks, would have become one of the loveliest places on earth.

Nature has been extremely bountiful in the arrangement and diversity of scenery, and what of it has not been marred and defaced by a succession of semi-barbarians through a succession of ages, is still extremely lovely and commanding. Usually the ministers from Asiatic powers have their official quarters at Scutari, which is, doubtless, more agreeable to them than Pera, where European representatives reside, on account of the inhabitants being nearly all Mohammedans.

The few Jews and Armenians who have a foothold there, are not a source of annoyance, much as they are abominated by pious Moslem believers. A splendid mosque, erected by a favorite daughter of the Magnificent Soleiman, as he was called by his cringing subjects—as well as Kanuni, which means institutor—considering the period of its creation, is a noble structure. It was built in the year 1566. In the reign of Soleiman, Elizabeth was on the throne of England.

The traveller should examine the mosque with care, exteriorly; and if he has been so fortunate as to procure a firman for entering the inside of these holy places, a series of surprises await him. Sultan Selim once set up a printing office in Scutari, and undertook, also, to manufacture cotton in a large way, but they fell into disrepute among the ignorant, fanatical rabble, and when he died, they were destroyed.

From the highest eminence on the Bugerloo, sitting upon our horses, the vast panorama of Constantinople and its suburbs could be taken in by the eye. There is no sight like it for variety, beauty and magnificence of scenery combined. Another very charming prospect is obtained lower down, at a spot known as Fenner Batchi, from which the various islands, lovely as possible, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the calm sea, are unsurpassed in all that is delightful in water prospect.

No circumstance surprised me so much as the spiteful, disturbed expression of the females we passed on this excursion. It is true but very little of their faces was exposed, yet a keen, black eye occasionally peered out by the side of a closely drawn veil, and it flashed with an unmistakeable energy, at every infidel it rested upon. Some of them muttered a hasty sentence as they rushed by, and others, when at a safe distance for retreat, in case of a demonstration from us, raised their voices a tone or two higher.

Turkish children are truly beautiful, when well dressed. Even with infants, fine clothes contribute to their loveliness. With the upper, independent classes, an ugly-featured child would be an anomaly, for the reason that their mothers are selected on account of their good looks, and hence the race is physically improving, as the family progresses.

Of course the poor, or such as occupy intermediate places, between simple artisans, shopkeepers, and those removed by their possessions beyond the necessity for servile employments, cannot indulge in the luxury of foreign wives, and their faces, therefore, are of a coarser mould, their expressions harsh, and the cheeks angular.

We could not discover that the same ridiculous notions were entertained by mothers, that

obtain universality in Egypt, that infants were to remain encrusted in dirt till one year of age. Boys are held in higher estimation than girls, and are commonly more caressed, even by their nurses, fathers and mothers.

In no instance, where groups of females were enjoying themselves under the shade of wide-spreading trees, or rowed in boats about the unequalled harbor above the bridges, were little children ever seen with them. Perhaps they might have been an annoyance on these pleasure excursions, or home was thought a fitter place for them, under the charge of slaves.

Occasionally we met servants carrying costly dressed little ones, followed by ladies enveloped in such extraordinary contrivances, that nothing but their yellow slippers could be recognized as an appendage of a female.

Wherever we were brought in contact with servants, they were remarkable for their uniform propriety of conduct. Female servants are never employed beyond the harems, unless in the office of airing the contents of the nursery. Stout men in the houses of the Franges, or foreigners, execute all the functions which the other sex are in the habit of doing with us.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXCURSION TO THE BLACK SEA.

While we were on the heights of Bugerloo, a glorious opportunity was had for contemplating the graceful windings of the Bosphorus towards the Black Sea. On returning to Pera, preparations having been made for a jaunt to Euxine, boats were hired, and off they shot with the rapidity of a steamer. But the stout, muscular arms of the boatmen soon began to relax, and shortly, a slower but good speed carried us against the strong current that sets down into the Mediterranean.

With a commendable exercise of aquatic judgment, the caique was kept near the European bank, which afforded a near and satisfactory inspection of a series of palaces and private dwellings scarcely inferior to the imperial residences. The Turks of Constantinople discover a good, if not a refined taste, in establishing themselves on the shores of the Bosphorus. They can only look up and down the river, and to the opposite precipitous hills, rising one beyond another in terraces.

Stationary boatmen are always in waiting, a short distance above the new palace, to assist boats with a tow line in passing a severe rapid. The rope is thrown to them, and away they run, dragging the unwilling boat through the ripples, till fairly past the difficult strait, when a few paras satisfy them for their arduous exertions.

Sails are rarely if ever attached to small boats. Hard rowing is the mode of progression in the water about Constantinople. Labor saving machines or apparatus are not encouraged any more than Russia duck. The caiques are admirably modelled, and have the appearance of being made of a single piece of timber, so neatly fitted are the joints and seams. Each oar, close to where the handle is clenched, bulges into a large oval ball, which balances the blade in lifting it out of the water, making the labor much easier for the rowers.

There is a continuous line of beautifully located, but rather prison-like houses on both sides of the Bosphorus, perhaps for ten miles. Some of them are somewhat shabby in appearance, from age. All of them seem to be spacious within, though nothing is known of the arrangements inside by strangers.

The grounds are not laid out as they might be. Where fruit trees and flowers might grow in profusion, there is nothing at all. We scarcely saw a human being the whole distance, which shows how exclusively the residents are confined to their houses.

A short canal leads from the water under many of the Bosphorus houses, into which a boat may enter, from whence persons may ascend by steps into a room above. With this ar-

rangement, a front door cannot be of much service, as they rarely swing on their hinges.

All the land at the back of the long chain of marine villas is steep, rising to the height of some hundreds of feet, in many places, but having no appearance of ever having been cultivated. An occasional tree, with noble, wide-spreading branches, relieves the monotony that would otherwise be complete.

Perched at the very summit of one of the lofty elevations about seven miles from the town, we saw a charming little pavilion, partly hidden by the foliage of vigorous trees that were waving over its roof. It is called a kiosk—a favorite retreat of the Sultan. Accompanied by one or two of the royal ladies, he sits there, and, while puffing a nargilah, complacently looks down upon the mighty city of which he is the uncontrolled master.

Still further on, the walls of a new palace, extremely elegant in its proportions, with highly finished fluted marble columns, will soon be ready for occupancy.

No one could give any satisfactory account of the object or probable destiny of the grand structure, which will equal some of the finest private country estates in England.

When a house is completed in Turkey, it simply means the house and nothing else; since gardens, walks, tastefully disposed shrubbery and plants, are not common.

We were assured, however, that the Sultan was the owner and even projector of the handsome dwelling; and moreover, that it was surmised for one of his royal daughters, whom he hoped, if it could be brought about, for a wife of the youngest son of his rebel subject, Mahommed Ali, of Egypt.

In extreme old age, that bloody hero and regenerator of the valley of the Nile, had a son born by a very young mother. If he lives, in the course of events, he must in time have the government of his father's dominions, with all their ancient antiquities, resting upon his shoulders.

Should Abbas Pasha—already a troublesome vassal—die, abdicate, or be compelled to leave the country, Said Pasha, his brother, admiral of the fleet, who has recently been visiting Europe, is the next heir to the vice regal throne; and after him, the young prince

It has been asserted that the Sultan is ambitious to get possession of the little fellow, which would give him at once a strong controlling influence over the affairs of that miserably governed appendage of the Turkish empire. Rumor says that the Sultan first invited Abbas Pasha to permit the prince to visit his court, but the horse-loving ruler apprehended a plot, and therefore respectfully declined the honor. Finally, the new rural palace towards the Black Sea, quite beyond all other establishments, either public or private, was tendered the Egyptian despot for the use of his little relative, if he would permit him to accompany his mother and suite, to make a pleasure excursion to the Golden Horn, which was also respectfully declined.

Still further on, we arrived at the base of the Giant's Mountain, which required a fatiguing walk to reach the top. It is by far the most elevated point on the Asiatic side, near the Bosphorus. There are two or three small houses on the most commanding point, with an occasional tree, several fenced patches of land, but nothing like industry or comfort in or about the premises.

A quiet, moping old Turk keeps tobacco, coffee, and, perhaps, some vegetables and bread in a rickety, one story shop, from which a magnificent view is had of the entrance into the Black Sea. On the European continent, some of the masonry by which water is conveyed to the city, and various other objects that give variety to the scene, are conspicuous.

Back of the principal house, resembling an ordinary one story farmer's quarters in New England, is a small yard, enclosed by a high fence, not for the protection of plants, but an immensely long grave, forty feet in length! By universal consent, it is the burial place of Joshua, the martial successor of Moses.

From the notes of travellers, the length must have varied in different years, since some of them state it is only twenty feet long. The head and foot stones, perfectly rough, might be readily moved backward or forward by a child, and wherever they are, determines the altitude of the giant.

Some of the orthodox believers assert that the grave simply contains one foot of Joshua. That renowned Jewish hero was never out of Palestine after he entered the land of promise, and the whole legend, therefore, has grown out of Turkish ignorance,—confounding Joshua with Jupiter, whose name the Romans left in the region, in connection with some of their defences.

Notwithstanding the often repeated assertion by tourists that two dervishes perpetually watch

the sacred deposit, it is untrue. The only person seen while we remained on the mountain, was the keeper of the smoking shop. Possibly a community of dervishes may formerly have had their abode on the holy eminence, but, certainly, there are none remaining.

Looking from that charming spot, towards the entrance into the Black Sea, the spectator is struck with the grandeur and boldness of the mountain curves, and the richness and inviting character of the soil. Neglect, not precisely ruin, is stamped upon the whole landscape.

A soft, short grass, like a velvet carpet of living green, seems interminable; and so deep is the water, and inviting for commercial enterprise, we could not restrain ourselves from expressing a hope that civilization might speedily place its seal upon those admirable localities for towns, and unrivalled facilities for human industrial activity.

Off in the vast distance, a few small vessels were discoverable, bound to Odessa, Trebizond, and other ports of less celebrity; but the resources of the whole region are far beyond estimation, which cannot, in the nature of things, much longer be defended by guns or treaties from the grasp of Russia.

One reason why those very inviting places, quite to the last tongue of land before the expanse of the Black Sea commences, are unoccupied, is in consequence of the insecurity of property. Should any one construct conveniences for landing, open a store, or give evidence of ambition in the way of accommodation, by some pretext of the government, he would be interrupted, his property taken out of his control, and, perhaps, the business interdicted.

Never were such facilities offered by nature for ship-yards, docks, and, in short, any pursuit calculated to develop the resources of a country, while it contributed to individual advancement. But no one has the courage to attempt running counter to the genius of the government, which neither aids nor protectst he subject in any scheme for personal aggrandizement, independence in wealth, or influence in society, without secretly contemplating a blow that shall crush his power and turn the avails of his industry into the coffers of the Sultan.

Of late there has been something of a paternal feeling manifested, and there is certainly a far greater security for the rights of men, than under the predecessors of the reigning Sultan. A triumph like that secured recently by the Christians, which places them upon the same level with Mahommedan believers, in regard to the possession of property and the maintenance of their civil rights, has never been achieved by the Turkish government before, in any period of its history.

After gazing on the beautiful hills and graceful undulations, capable of the highest state of productiveness, but now fallen and totally forsaken, solely from the causes already stated—the grasping tyrranny of those in authority—the spectator involuntarily expresses a hope that the arts of domestic life and the institutions and civilization of Christianity may speedily uproot the present race of Moslem fatalists.

There is a generous widening of the Bosphorus between the Giant's or Joshua's Mountain and the European side. A continuous series of the best harbors imaginable might be selected on both shores, quite to the Black Sea.

Far in the distance, a few villages could be discerned, and also, plainly in view of the Roumeli Hissar, or castle of Europe, which might be mistaken for a pair of lighthouses, were such conveniences established. We never saw a lighthouse, to my recollection, from Alexandria, in Egypt, to Constantinople. If there are any, they were certainly overlooked for want of lights. On entering the ancient harbor of the Piræus, the port of Athens, in Greece, there are two lanterns a few rods apart, perhaps twelve feet high, and those were all that are recollected in the whole course of our explorations.

Travellers differ exceedingly in their accounts of the outskirts of Constantinople. One is enraptured with the picturesque walks along the Bosphorus, and the exceeding loveliness and air of rural contentment that seems to reign over those little dirty villages, scattered here and there through the winding valleys at the foot of the mountain ridges.

Akhaba, seen in the distance, is spoken of on account of its chestnuts; while another, called Beghos, is celebrated for something else; and still further on, the dwellings reduced by distance to the appearance of bee hives, stands Sekedere, where there is a medicinal spring, the character of which stands high among the natives. Several chalybeate fountains in the interior have been analyzed by our countryman, Dr. Smith, of Charleston, S. C., who was formerly in Turkey for the purpose of introducing the culture of cotton.

Sultania was a favorite temporary abode of

some of the old heroic Sultans. The general of Murad III took all the doors, windows, cushions, and such furniture as he found in the palaces of the cities he had taken in one of his devastating marches, and sent them to this place.

We did not derive as much gratification from these sights, so poetically described by sentimental tourists, as anticipated, after reading a description of them. The nearer they are approached, the more objectionable they are.

A country village in Turkey strongly resembles the Arab towns in Asia Minor. Goats, dogs, filth, smoking loungers, veiled, barefooted women, poultry, perhaps a mosque, and hut for making coffee, are the prominent things that attract attention. If there are natural beauties in the risings and depressions of the land, the utter neglect with which they are regarded, and the inefficiency that characterizes the domestic economy of the inhabitants, quite satisfied us that the art of being comfortable is unknown among the common people everywhere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMBASSIES OF CHRISTIAN POWERS.

Nearly every first class power in Europe, and the United States, have resident ministers at the Sublime Porte. Persons residing temporarily in the city, or, in fact, any part of the Ottoman empire, are considered under the immediate protection of their ambassador, consul or government agent. They are not obliged to pay the haratch, or poll tax, assessed on the natives of the country.

Each legation has several persons attached to it, acting as interpreters, servants, etc., who are absolutely necessary, and who enjoy complete protection under the flag they serve, however much the Grand Seignor might wish to bowstring their necks, although born subjects of his majesty.

Some idea may be formed of the once haughty, despotic bearing of the government towards official messengers from the kings of Europe, by stating the singular fact that they were frequently thrown into prison, their lives threatened, and yet their imperial masters dare not resent the affront. But the overbearing, despotic sway of the crescent has passed away, and Turkey is completely at the mercy of those Christian nations whose prowess was once despised, and whose solemn embassies were treated with sovereign contempt on account of their religion, and their supposed inferiority in military strength.

Achille de Harley, a French ambassador, in 1612, was "grossly insulted," says the record, "and menaced with torture by Achmet I." In 1660, another French minister was arrested at Adrianople, by Sultan Ibrahim, and shut up in the Seven Towers—a horrible prison which we examined on the outside, while sitting on horseback, with no disposition to inspect within, where every apartment is associated with crimes and blood of an atrocious character.

Still later, in 1669, Gabriel de Guilexagues was treated as though he were a monster, undeserving the tender mercies of the faithful, for daring to come with a request from the hateful Christians.

Near the burnt column, there used to be a shelter designated as Elchy Khan, where the foreign ambassadors were kept under the eye of the Grand Vizier.

An Austrian internuncio had the audacity to peep at some Turkish ladies through a back window of his dismal public residence, which so exasperated the Sultan that orders were forthwith given to build up a brick wall to obstruct the view in that direction in future, and His Highness, the messenger of the emperor, was thought a lucky fellow to escape so favorably.

An entire change of policy has come over the humbled government of Turkey, and the Christians now obtain nearly every boon they are disposed to ask. England owns a spacious, costly ambassadorial palace in Pera, protected against fanatical mobs, and the most potent enemy to be contended with in the capital, viz., fire, by a wall laid in masonry, about twelve feet high,

enclosing an extensive plot of ground. It has been occupied by Sir Stratford Canning many years, the man of all others, who best understands negotiating with that court.

The French government have also erected a very beautiful and extensive palace, not far from the British; but the locality is unfortunate,—under the brow of a hill, on the top of which runs a tolerable kind of street as regards width, giving the enclosure a chance to be stoned or otherwise assaulted by infuriated disciples of the Prophet. We were gratified with the cultivated taste evinced in the arrangement of flower beds and shrubbery. There is also a Russian and, perhaps, Austrian palace for the representatives of these monarchies, but the particulars relating to them are not recalled, if seen at all.

No provision has yet been made for the American minister. He resides some miles up the Bosphorus, and comes down to an office at Pera, where business is transacted. The secretary of the legation is Mr. Holmes, of Boston, an obliging, attentive man to those of his countrymen who visit Constantinople. He was formerly connected with the American Board of Foreign Missions, but had left the connection before our arrival. Through him the business was transacted with the government for the liberation of Kossuth, who was a prisoner at Kutaya, five days' journey from Constantinople. It is a famous antiquity—the castle, a mighty prison for strength, being on the extreme terminus of a hill overlooking the town.

I made some slight preparations for paying the Hungarian hero a visit, but fearing that the Austrian ambassador's spies would so mark my movements that it would be impossible to escape police scrutiny on arriving at Trieste, that might lead to being ordered to quit the emperor's dominions, I thought it most prudent to relinquish the enterprise. However, I addressed Governor Kossuth a note, which, he informed me on his arrival in Boston, was received by him, too late, however, to answer the object in view by thus addressing him.

Consuls are quartered in Pera wherever they can obtain the best locations for their business, which, I am constrained to say, as far as we could discover, consists in fleecing their inexperienced countrymen.

Constantinople, however, instead of having an American born citizen to sustain the office of consul, is shamefully misrepresented by a man who cares a thousand times more for his own pocket than the curses of American travellers. Under other circumstances, I have fearlessly declared, that the American consuls, in many ports of Europe, and certainly in certain ports of Asia and Africa, are infamous rascals, who deserve punishment for oppressive treatment towards those whom it is their duty to aid by their counsel and advice, besides giving safe conduct within their jurisdictions.

Not a single French or Austrian steamer will take a passenger from Constantinople for Europe, till his passport has first been signed, if the applicant is from America, by the consul. Then the Austrian or Frenchman signs it, and both extract an unrighteous fee; but the American takes two dollars where the other demands half a dollar. From an opinion that all our consuls are in collusion with the local police of towns in Italy, and their brother chips at the points at which they are themselves stationed, to spunge as much as possible for every passer-by, we used to thank Heaven in loud acclamations on arriving at a spot where there was no American consul, to rob us under cover of the wings of our eagle.

I should unquestionably have entertained rather different sentiments towards these licensed leeches, had they been my countrymen; but to be thus treated by an official who has no sympathy for the United States, who, perhaps, never set a foot on the continent, or could read or write the English language, makes one deplore the political corruption of the day, that such fellows, for some service they render somebody behind the screen, are first recommended and then commissioned at Washington.

Our ambassadors and charges d'affairs must know to what vile purposes the consulates are often prostituted; but it appears to me, for some unknown reason, they are afraid to stop them in their career of iniquity, or displace them, however obnoxious they may prove.

There is not a Christian power on the globe that pays its foreign servants so meanly as ours. Not a single one in Europe has enough to pay his necessary expenses without leaving him a dollar for hospitality or civility. They are cramped in their means, and not unfrequently excite both the pity and contempt of travellers, because our rich republic is so mean, and the commiseration of those standing upon the same official level.

England pays all her consuls generously, and pensions most of them after a service of fifteen

years, and never commissions any but a British subject.

On the other hand, the United States pay nothing, but virtually gives them leave to get what they can, provided they filch all they have from Americans.

In the next place, it appears to be of no consequence from what country their consuls hail, or whether they ever heard of the government they disgrace. Every traveller in the East knows that it makes their blood boil with indignation to contemplate this prostitution of an important office to the caprice of those who may be clothed with the appointing power. Unfortunately some of our own citizens, sent abroad with consular authority, are worse than the other kind. Broken down politicians are thus paid for their stumping services for a party, and reckless of all consequence, having neither character nor property to lose, they prey on all who come within the reach of their tentaculæ.

The American envoy and minister resident receives six thousand dollars per annum, at Constantinople; while the British minister's expenses rarely fall below twenty thousand pounds sterling a year, exclusive of the money put at his disposal for secret service. Then there is a consul-general, vice-consuls, and a host of persons connected with the chancery, also paid by the home government, costing twenty-four thousand pounds more, each and every year they are there.

Still further, the English parliament meets still another class of heavy expenditures connected with the Turkish mission. Despatches are frequently sent on by an express steamer, at a cost, upon an average, of fifty-five pounds each for coals alone, amounting in round numbers, from Marseilles, by the way of Malta and back again, to full nine hundred pounds more!

If possible, the Russian embassy, at Constantinople, is still more expensive than the English, being composed of about thirty, acting in all imaginary high capacities, which disburses enormous sums in bribes, besides its legitimate expenditures. As the Czar fully intends to possess himself of the only jewel within his grasp worthy of his consideration, it requires a singular combination of diplomatic machinery and naval apparatus in the Black Sea, to keep in actual readiness to take possession whenever the prize drops into his lap.

Still, it strikes me that Nicholas will never live long enough to realize his ambitious hopes.

Those lean apologies for embassies, represented by a profusion of stars and ribbons, instead of mental vigor or demonstrations of resources by the occasional visit up the Dardanelles, which are sent from the second rate sovereignties of Europe, are not worth naming. They play the small parts on the stage of nations, like chambermaids and upper servants in the theatre: they assist in making a show, without materially influencing the deliberations of either party, or effecting anything for themselves.

When the subjects of foreign governments, residing in Turkey, involve themselves in debt, commit crimes, or stand charged with delinquencies, if not forthwith given over to their ministers, they are demanded to be sent home for trial. A Turkish jail is without a parallel for discomfort, filth, vermin, and concentrated human misery.

An interesting story is related of Izet Mehemet, who was Grand Vizier in 1841, but degraded by dismissal from office, and exiled afterward, that shows there may be sympathy and a strong sense of justice in the heart of a Turk.

Being repeatedly assured that the imprisoned debtors in the prison of Constantinople were harshly treated, and cheated out of the rations appropriated by law, he dressed himself in mean apparel, one evening, and stalked into one of the common smoking coffee-rooms contiguous to the jail, or Zuidan Kapoossy. By proper management, he persuaded a poor fellow with whom he fell into conversation, by giving him a suitable backsheish, to accompany his highness to a guard-house, and assert that he was a debtor to his ragged companion.

Calling the Bashy, or captain of the guard, aside, he pointed out Izet. "Do you see him?" inquired the hired stranger. "Yes, and an ugly looking fellow he is, too!" Suffice it, the Sadrazan, the prime minister of the empire, was arrested, and speedily incarcerated in the vile hole where the wretched, unfortunate, and all kinds of criminals, were huddled together in one common pit of misery, because he refused to pay for a better apartment. One broken pitcher and one mat was all their furniture. When the key-keeper came after evening, the vizier besought him for something to eat. Bread and soup he reminded him were provided by the Sultan, that no one should suffer the pangs of hunger.

This made the villain only laugh. "We give no food to those who do not pay," was the reply.

Finding nothing could be had by appealing to his sense of duty, as an officer acting under authority of the Grand Vizier, he then handed the turnkey sixty paras for the purchase of some bread and water; for which he gave poor bread and but little water. A long dialogue ensued, in which the official had his daily line of conduct portrayed; but it only provoked a smile of derision, that a low prisoner should undertake to teach him his responsibilities.

Lastly, as he was going out to close the door, he raised the bull's hide whip—always in his hand,—and threatened to give the new comer a sound flogging if he presumed to say another word!

Roused to a pitch of almost insupportable rage, the vizier drew forth the evidence of his great rank—the jeweled nishan, and in a tremendous effort of lungs, called for the governor of the prison.

Astonishment overcame both the associate prisoners as well as the impudent, selfish key-bearer, who recognized in an instant the awful abyss beneath his feet. He fell upon his face and cried, "Mercy, mercy!" It would be a narration too long for this occasion to detail all the circumstances that followed in quick succession. When the governor, with his turbaned attendants, came in, the vizier gazed at the group with a keenness of the eye that pierced them to the heart, and ordered them to show him the whole establishment at once.

Having finished the inspection, he directed every one of the turnkeys to receive one hundred strokes of the bastinado, then sent the governor to the bath to be sweated, and afterwards dealt with as he deserved; while the captain of the guard who arrested him, because he was bribed to do it, without evidence of his being a debtor, was cashiered and placed in confinement, where he had sent many others wrongfully.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DARDANELLES.

THAT alternately widening and narrowing of the water-way between Constantinople and Smyrna, which, at some points, resembles a broad river, and then again expands beyond the limits of vision, embracing a variety of bays, islands and localities of ancient renown, is designated as the *Dardanelles*. The name was taken from Dardanum, now a tolerable sized Turkish town, with more indications of prosperity than usually appertain to them.

It is on the Asiatic side, has quite a number of landing places, a quarantine office, one long street wide enough for a carriage, quite a number of provision and grocery shops, a yard for building boats and small vessels, and is, besides, dignified by having both an English and French consul residing there.

It is 240 miles from Constantinople to Smyrna, through the Dardanelles. Every mile of the distance is associated with historical events of antiquity. Every island has been a theatre of exploits, and the shores are classical ground.

While we were detained at the different calling places for the despatches of the several consuls, who were making up parcels for their governments, to be conveyed by the steamer, the opportunity was ordinarily improved in reconnoitering the region, and searching out ruins.

This same spot was once the capital of a kingdom, but no memorial of its glory can be detected, unless a barrow, or mound of earth standing some way back in a field, belongs to the age of its greatness. It was at Dardanum that we saw a negro in the management of a row boat, who was such a monster of fatness that he was an object of profound astonishment. How the blood could be propelled through those vast winrows of blubber, by a single heart, might with propriety engage the grave consideration of a physiologist.

The mound of Hecuba is the most prominent of the ancient things, which strangers, of course, take pains to see. By the Turks, the old town of Dardum, or Dardanum, is now known as *Chanak*. Some speculations have been thrown out by topographical scholars in regard to the exact site of Abydos. But the wear and friction of ages upon ages have quite obliterated every remnant of its being, so that even tradition points no finger towards its locality.

Generally there is somebody on board the steamer sufficiently familiar with the scenery to indicate where the bridge of Xerxes stood; where Alexander the Great's army crossed over into Asia, and to particularize points of romantic interest of less note. Singular as it may appear, Solyman, in 1300, selected the same place for boating the Ottoman forces over into Europe,

and there he raised the ensign of the Mussulman power for the first time on a new continent, from which it has not yet been dislodged.

Some formidable castles are seen in the course of the Dardanelles, originally the Hellespont, which appear to be powerful enough to prevent any fleet from passing. They are placed on either side, Europe and Asia,—for this irregular aquatic roadstead divides the two continents. We saw where Leander swam across to visit his mistress, a feat which Byron also accomplished.

An extraordinary fortress on the route gains the special attention of travellers, from the circumstance that the outer wall actually describes the figure of a heart on a playing card. Being on a descent towards the water, and built on the European side, the back elevation is sufficient to give a complete view of the rural enclosure. Of course, all the forts are strongly fortified, and manned by heavy guns, many of which throw stone balls.

CHAPTER XX.

SMYRNA.

Were it not for being in the track from Syria to Constantinople, the starting point also for the Grecian Islands and Athens, and the principal post in Turkey with which American merchants hold a direct commercial intercourse, Smyrna would hardly have received the attention in this notice, which is obviously due to its past renown and present importance.

The plan contemplated in these sketches by no means embraces a modern gazetteer of the Sultan's dominions. If it did, more than one hundred towns, scarcely known to us even by name, would have claims to remembrance on the score of former consideration, before the Turks ever had possession of the beautiful country, whose destiny is under their control, till Providence has accomplished through their instrumentality the designs that belong to the counsels of the Sovereign Disposer of events.

Formerly there were turbulent disputes as to the founder of the city. Whoever first selected it for a town, exercised a sound judgment, for Smyrna has all the advantages of a magnificent bay, deep water, a fruitful region, a delightful climate, and whatever else may be necessary for progress in business, wealth and influence.

Smyrna is on the Asiatic shore, splendidly protected by graceful elevations, and possesses within itself the elements of incalculable commercial power, whenever the Anglo Saxons take it under their care.

Old houses, old forts, old ruins, old women, and old gray-bearded Jews, are among its curiosities. The streets are narrow, not remarkably clean, and filled with human beings. All the world is represented in the bazaars by products from all lands.

Jews abound; some of them are notorious cheats, but they are links in the chain of society not easily dispensed with, notwithstanding the contempt with which they are generally held.

By climbing up a tremendously steep hill, back of the town, a lovely panoramic view is obtained over distant islands, capes and bays. An immensely large enclosure—the ruined fortress, no doubt the site of the ancient Acropolis,—marks the place where Polycarp was martyred, a disciple of the Apostles.

Looking to the south, the ground on which stood one of the seven churches of Asia, of apostolic antiquity, is designated, off in a partially cultivated field, perhaps a mile and a half from the city.

All the most compact and business part, where the population is the densest, the ground is flat, and, in fact, some portions of it, cultivated as gardens, seen from the dilapidated fortress, the enclosures appear even below the common level

of the section built upon and occupied for the purposes of trade.

There is a favorite residence for Europeans doing business in Smyrna, called Bournabat, a pleasant ride, that constitutes one of the crowning rural beauties of the modern port.

Smyrna is one of the reputed birth-places of Homer. We shall ever retain a vivid recollection of its beauties and discomforts, from the circumstance of being plunged into a vile quarantine hole, to doze away five days of precious life, although in perfect health, and the vessel, an Austrian steamer which brought us from Beiroot, was without a taint.

A more shamefully unrighteous exaction was never made, than taking a heavy fee out of every foreigner whom the government obliges to pass from the vessel into the walled yard, to wear away the time. Sick or well, every one is compelled to look out for himself, or starve. Neither food, beds nor medicine are brought in, unless the individual for whom they are designed has the money to pay down.

On receiving fratique, that is, a pass to go out, either into the city, or proceed onward to Constantinople, a fee is to be paid into the coffers of the Sultan. If a person, thus incarcerated, were to sleep on the bare ground, the rent would be exacted with equal rigor; and if some poor Arab, Jew, or Armenian, has nothing to pay with, he is detained, till, through the sympathy of his own countrymen, the cash is raised.

We were lodged in the upper story of a large building, without a single article of furniture that was not hired of an Italian tavern-keeper, who furnished us with two meals a day. He, of course, took advantage of our condition to pocket an honest penny. Cooks, waiters, in short whoever he employed in any menial capacity to keep from starvation, came in with a demand for service. Even several bare-legged Turks, who were spies upon our movements in the yard, walking about with sticks to keep us from touching those who had been in longer or shorter than ourselves, called out lustily for backsheish; for all the compensation they had was what they could raise out of those they were perpetually harassing and annoying by their presence.

Smyrna has also two large hotels, but the one nearest the harbor is most patronized by travellers. Dinner is served much as at the hotels of Germany, and the expense is two dollars a day. After taking quarters and depositing luggage, it is customary to take a guide, dozens of whom are always sauntering about the doorway, eager for a job.

We took a tall, bushy-headed Jew, whose turban almost rivalled a haycock in size, who turned out to be a deceitful, dishonest knave. There are runners in abundance who intercept strangers, strongly recommending certain lodgings as being desirable on account of location and economy, for which they get a handsome percentage.

Abraham told a whopping lie to secure our patronage, by saying, our countryman, a gentleman who had preceded us by about a week, had left special directions for him to wait upon us. Such politeness led at once to an engagement. However, he was subsequently dismissed in disgrace.

The Turks seem to destroy whatever belongs to them. They are so entirely selfish, bigoted and absolute, that they are beyond improvement. A more magnificent opportunity was never presented for securing a trade that would enrich all Turkey, while the resources of the country might be developed, than by constructing warehouses, widening streets, and abolishing the laws which are at war with the principles of trade.

Of ancient Anatolia, Smyrna was the focus of wealth, business and knowledge. It was said to be the *ornament*, the city of *renovation*, having been often destroyed, and as frequently rebuilt. Ten times, on the authority of historians, has Smyrna been rebuilt, and on each occasion was improved by the disaster. Like Alexandria in Egypt, Alexander the Great has the reputation of having commenced the first foundations.

By some inexplicable hocus pocus, contrary to our usual foresight, we followed the Jew guide to a hotel, which he represented as altogether superior to all others, but which proved to be a rickety, filthy old house, variously patched, elongated and improved by extra steps, doors and iron bedsteads.

As the luggage preceded us, and had been partially stowed away, it was thought best, on the whole, to remain over night, notwithstanding the bad first impression. Next morning, on giving notice we were to leave, a perfect uproar commenced among those who had an interest in the vile Greek establishment. An old woman, who appeared to be general in command, presented exorbitant bills. One gentleman declared that he never would pay it. She, on the other hand, stated the disappointment, the cost of the dinner she had purchased for the day, expecting all to remain, and lastly, secured herself

against all losses by detaining his trunks. We offered to pay for the marketing jointly, and do other acts that would leave no stain upon her reputation. No proposition was of any avail, short of promptly paying up for the period we contemplated to remain on our arrival.

The absurdity of the demand induced the party to delegate one of the number to complain at the police office, if there was one in the town. No sooner had this intelligence penetrated the skulls of the household, than through the spokesman, the big old woman, the current of events was changed, the luggage given up, and the bills settled at once on tolerably equitable terms. Fear overruled a sense of justice. This affair was no sooner ended than the greasy Israelite came in with a complaint of the damage he should sustain by our leaving. He might have continued his solemn argument in favor of a claim for backsheish, had we not brought the interview abruptly to a close. After various petty difficulties, we were ultimately emancipated from the clutches of the unprincipled Greek rascals.

Lodging at that den of thieves was a Mr. Lee and his three small boys, who said he was a native of Boston. He had just arrived, he said, from Spain, where he had been performing, the past two years, as a kind of posture-master. He was doing a prosperous business in a large building he had hired, by laying down upon his back, and throwing the lads about in the strangest manner imaginable. The exhibition took admirably with the smoking Turks.

Word reached the ears of the governor, a sober, discreet man, the brother-in-law of the Sultan, that the feats of Mr. Lee was extraordinary in character, which so stimulated his curiosity that he sent a message to him while we were remaining at Smyrna, to perform in his great presence at his official residence.

Happening to be present when the runners, servants and police appendages of the governor's palace arrived to convey the apparatus, preparatory to the exhibition, it was amusing to watch their honest manner and obsequiousness towards the man who was to be honored by the call from their dignified master.

Mr. Lee subsequently informed me that he was placed in a large room, minus furniture, well carpeted, with a raised platform, on which sat his highness, with about thirty Turks, his friends, who silently gazed at his gymnastic antics with evident surprise, which was occasionally expressed by giving vent to an unusual volume of smoke, taking breath, and resuming again the quiet happiness of puffing at the narghilah.

A latticed kind of gallery was observable at one corner, where there was probably a brilliant assemblage, never to be seen by other eyes than the owner's.

It is hardly necessary to repeat what has been often written, that females are purchased, and the price is invariably proportioned to the grade of their facial charms.

An anecdote illustrative of the character of the governor was related, that gives an insight into the constitution of the Turkish mind, and the processes through which it is allowable to proceed to accomplish the ends of justice.

Some English gentlemen in the course of their topographical explorations about the dilapidated castle, on the hill, were assailed by a host of impudent Turkish boys, who stoned them barbarously—a common feat in that neighborhood—to show their contempt of infidel dogs, who injured their clothes, and actually endangered their lives.

Full of foam and fury at the gross indignity, they hastened at once to the house of the pacha, got admission to his presence, and stated their sufferings. An immediate search was instituted to detect the culprits, but without success. His highness then gave orders to arrest the teachers of all the public schools—there being several under the patronage of the government, where children are taught to read the Koran.

They were all thrown into prison for not having taught their pupils better manners, where they were threatened with a detention till the guilty parties could be arrested. At the expiration of about a week they were liberated—thus vicariously suffering for the faults of others.

Handsome Greek and Italian women abound in Smyrna. They were under no facial restraints, and consequently they are at full liberty to stare with great, black, lustrous eyes at everybody and everything they choose.

Turkish ladies were often passed in groups, attended usually by female slaves, walking leisurely along the narrow streets near the Turkish quarter of the city. Their faces were invariably veiled, but not with the usual covering of white lawn, drawn closely down over the chin from the forehead. They have a thin stuff attached to a wire to keep the veil off from the eyes, which only reaches to the mouth, and generally black—giving them the appearance of being cov-

ered with short masks, seen at the distance of a few rods.

In dress, they are all alike, precisely, as respects the pattern of their garments. Yellow morocco boots, loose about the ankle, stuck into long peaked-toed slippers, down at the heels, were usually worn. They were chatting among themselves, but put on a proper modicum of reserve as we drew near.

Among the standing curiosities of Smyrna, are the caravansaries—buildings into which any and all the strangers go for lodgings and the security of their property, while sojourning in the city. They are huge constructions, surrounding an open court, entered through a gate. Camels and horses are there unburdened, and the proprietors secure themselves in small, cheerless, dirty, dark rooms, opening towards the yard. Of course whoever goes there, procures his own provisions, mats for sleeping, cooks and washes, and on leaving, pays a trifle to somebody for the privilege.

A caravan arrived while we were there, from Persia, bringing the rich shawls, rags, carpets, and the greatest variety of goods. Being halted outside the town, near a burying-ground of extensive dimensions, at a bridge known as the Caravan bridge, we walked there one morning to view the sight.

Having travelled with an occasional caravan in the desert of Arabia, and often met them, also, while on the way to Palestine, from Egypt, the show of animals and bales was not a novelty to me. Evidently the camels were of a better breed than usually met with among the Arabs. They were very heavy animals, with an abundance of long hair on the shoulders and haunches, of the color and appearance of a buffalo skin. They still had their high, clumsy saddles on, which, by the way, are never taken off by camel-drivers night or day. No matter what may be the condition of their galled backs, no mercy is shown the patient beast.

Not an article brought from Persia, in its appearance in the bazaars, could be purchased any cheaper there than in the city of Boston. I was struck with the same fact in Damascus. Persian goods were quite as dear there as at Smyrna; nor were they any more costly after being transported over the tedious waste of sand to the towns and villages on the Mediterranean.

Porters are invariably coursing through the streets with such enormous burdens on their backs, as to make our strongest men seem weak and feeble. I have passed a small-sized person actually conveying a barrel of rum on his back, marked on the head *New England*.

Smyrna is a celebrated fig market. Grown in profusion in all directions in the interior, they are brought in as they ripen, on camels, and delivered at the packing-houses. An acquaintance with the process of putting figs into drums, is sufficient to deter most people from eating them ever afterwards. Unwashed hands, and the layers of dirt on the floor, where the whole mystery of packing is conducted, for shipping; the millions of worms crawling about in some of the old establishments, together with the uncouth and unsavory looks of those who conduct the manipulations, are disgusting beyond conception.

Whatever is anomalous, on account of differing from ourselves, soon becomes familiar, and the stranger is ready for a departure. One or two learned American missionaries reside in Smyrna, who seem to have the confidence of the inhabitants, and who are translating, writing, teaching, and introducing the excellences of Christianity, civilization, literature and science, with a degree of success that will be felt in the nation and country in future generations. Their course is governed by prudence, and therefore encouraging to the friends of the Bible and humanity in Christendom.

It would be quite impossible to detail all the incidents that occurred, or strange events witnessed, while traversing town and country in Turkey, without becoming tediously voluminous; and here, therefore, is a proper place to bring to a close these prelections on the Turks and Turkey, as they were seen while sojourning in their diversified country.

The Turks in Turkey are widely different from the Turks in their own native country. A history of this extraordinary race of men is embraced in a single paragraph. They originally came from the river Oxus, beyond the Caspian Sea, where they were rude, turbulent shepherds, who became converts to Mahommedanism, and at once felt themselves called upon to go forth to propagate the new faith. Possessing all the natural elements to become warlike, fine constitutions, combined with the energy of fanaticism, they at once became conquerors. Mahommed II., whose title appears to have been *Fatih*, the *Opener*, on account of opening a way into the great Christian city of Constantinople, wrote an epitaph for himself, in which was catalogued all the rulers he had overcome, and countries he had subdued.

CHAPTER XXI.

CYPRUS AND RHODES.

From a remote antiquity the island of Cyprus has been familiarly known to the people of the East. It is nearer the western coast of the Mediterranean than any of the group which are scattered through the north-eastern border of that sea, and easily approachable from Asia Minor, without the hazard of difficult navigation.

One of the earliest names by which it was designated was *Macaris*, in allusion to its fertility, and the term signified *Fortunate*. Copper abounded, and at one time it was known abroad as Copper Island. Neglect, perpetually changing governments, insecurity of property, oppressive governors, poverty and Mahommedan fanaticism have reduced the splendid garden of Venus to the extreme depths of degradation.

Zinc, also, was mined in abundance; but even the localities where the copper or other valuable ores were raised, are now quite unknown. Iron, tin, gems, marble of various shades, besides various salts, of importance in the arts, and a sure source of revenue and employment to a dense population, are no longer sought, or perhaps recognized, when crossing out above the surface.

During the age of Paganism, Cyprus was supposed to be the favorite of Venus, the goddess of love, to whom it was dedicated. Her worship imbued the whole territory, and her shrines were numerous in every village and town. At Paphos, the modern Baffa, where Venus was reputed to have first appeared, there was a magnificent temple, in which a hundred altars smoked with the offerings of slaughtered animals. The concourse of strangers from the then whole world, to witness the strange system of worship, which permitted the most unbridled excesses, was immense, and the fame of Cyprus was as extensive as the glory of Greek and Roman conquests. At present, the once attractive city has dwindled down to a wretched village, made up of a few Greeks and Turks, who are ignorant, fierce, and fit associates for the desolation that reigns about them.

In circumference, Cyprus is about 550 miles, being 120 long, east and west, by 90 in width, where it is the widest. The ranges of elevated, ragged mountains are disagreeable at a distance at sea, which have a dingy appearance, but assume a pleasanter aspect as they are neared. Trees grow on their sides, quite near the peaks of the protruding rocks; vines and shrubs of every conceivable kind, everywhere force themselves through the surface; but the moral deterioration is also accompanied by physical debility, or at least, a determination not to live by the sweat of the brow. Wine was once made in vast quantities for exportation; olives were grown in profusion—a crop that was so highly esteem-

ted in former times, as by Syrian cultivators in our day. Both are quite neglected, and solely because the oppressive nature of the government strikes at the foundation of all forms of industry that might better the condition of the people, if allowed to accumulate property.

Madder, for dying; henna, universally used throughout the East for staining the palms of the hands and finger nails, is a product of Cyprus. Poppies yield opium of an excellent quality; and soda is found on the ground. Some wool is grown, but not a tithe of what might be annually sent to Europe. Lemons, oranges, figs, plums, pomegranates, and fruits of unrecollected varieties, together with vegetables of the first quality, could be raised with the slightest solicitation of mother earth, for an exceedingly profitable exportation.

But no encouragement is given to agricultural efforts, and whatever, therefore, happens to gush up for man's use, more than is absolutely necessary to feed the poor, miserable, ignorant, semi-barbarians that constitute the bulk of the population, is bartered for the commodities of other countries, and thus an irregular intercourse is kept up with this once flourishing, rich, independent, but now prostrated island.

From the thrifty growth of the forests, and the quality of the timber for houses, boats and ship building, and the cheapness of it, too, an unsuspected avenue to wealth might be opened by the introduction of a few steam saw-mills. Were permission obtained from the Turkish government to export it, an immensely profitable business would follow. Alexandria alone, one of the nearest ports—the door of Egypt, where wood has always been scarce as well as dear, would prove a perpetual market. This suggestion, I trust, may influence some bold spirit to embrace this and some other opportunities of equal value in that direction, for advancing his own fortune, while the operation would also conduce to the prosperity, comfort, employment and civilization of the Cypriots.

Morocco leather, admirable in finish, as it is good in quality, is manufactured by rude processes, in considerable quantities. A trade in hides, tanned leather, blocks of marble, etc., is worthy of the consideration of those who buy, sell, and get gain, because the utter neglect of Cyprus by merchants, especially those of the United States, renders it the more certain that cheap cottons, hardware, with a little money, could be exchanged for their commodities to advantage.

Silk, too, were the feeding of worms encouraged, would equal the quality and quantity of the fairest mulberry districts of Syria. As it is, under every imaginary embarrassment, in connection with the *vis inertia* of the people, who cannot be robbed of the pleasure of smoking, though they are deprived of almost everything else, the specimens offered for barter, in texture, color, and excellence of workmanship, demonstrate the resources of Cyprus under all its disadvantages.

On the island of Cyprus there were once nine distinct kingdoms! Egyptians, Phœnicians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Arabs—each had a section and a government of their own.

When the Crusaders were in the zenith of their success in Palestine, they got a strong foothold on Cyprus. Richard I., King of England, even made a present of it, in effect, for he gave the crown to the house of Lusignan. The Venetians took a turn at it, and while under their jurisdiction, churches, convents, castles and fortresses without number, sprung up in almost inaccessible places, where it was thought a military force of small capacity could effectually resist the besieging army. But the terrible Turks made a descent at last, when least expected, under the victorious Selim, in 1570, who drove out his Christian enemies, planted the crescent on the cross, where it still floats triumphantly; and from the moment the Sultan's bloody forces landed, to the hour this is being written, a gradual deterioration has been going on, till its poverty and sparse population, contrasted with its known capacity and unlimited resources, have become a by-word and a reproach.

No longer ago than 1822, a horrible massacre of 25,000 Greeks, and the atrocious acts of a ferocious army, which destroyed seventy-four villages, monasteries, churches, chapels, and closed their unparalleled barbarities by throwing a multitude of women and children into the raging sea, where they perished, is fresh in the recollection of those who are acquainted with the phases of the revolution of modern Greece, and finished the last great act in the modern history of the island of Cyprus.

CHAPTER XXII.

RHODES.

We arrived at the celebrated island of Rhodes in the midst of a succession of terrific earthquakes, which had sadly shattered some of the fairest monuments that were reared by the knights, during their military occupancy of this famous old theatre of the heroic ages. A boat put off after sunrise to where the vessel was swaying at the end of her chain, in which was the British consul. This was on the 21st of March, 1851. He gave us a gloomy picture of the condition of the town spread out before us, and the interior generally.

Two or three days before, the shocks were so severe as to frighten the people out of their houses, and beyond them, lest in falling they should be crushed to death. The famous palace of the grand master was severely injured, which was much deplored, because it was sure never to be repaired. A fine arched gateway, close to the small harbor, was singularly distorted, and left with the appearance of being just ready to fall. One of the two huge brick towers erected by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, known as that of St. John, was cracked from the top to the bottom, and left in a condition altogether too dangerous even to trust the stairs with the weight of a man. It was feared, to prevent the mass from falling into the deep water of the large harbor, the whole would have to be taken down, after having bid defiance to the elements and all previous tremblings for between four and five hundred years.

The mountains easterly, nine miles distant, were violently shaken. One elevation, where there was a small village of Turks, actually opened at the apex, into which every vestige of their habitations and the people themselves dropped, and the cleft sides again came together and concealed them forever. Food had become scarce, meats could not be procured, and for four days, the consul remarked, he had lived on four fowls, fortunately secured before the scarcity became alarming.

There are two harbors in front of the modern town of Rhodes—which is walled—the work of the knights. To the traveller, the small one, however, possesses by far the largest share of interest, from the circumstance of being the identical one at the entrance of which stood the far-famed Colossus—a bronzed lighthouse, of the figure of a man, between the legs of which vessels passed on to the landings.

Dignified as the narrow strip of water is by running into the land, curved considerably, with the name of harbor, it is an insignificant resting-place for vessels; and, in its best days, could only have accommodated the monster row-boats of the ancients. I noticed a few small sailing ves-

sels moored within, which might have been secured, as doubtless the Rhodian fleets were, by a chain across the mouth of the harbor—the width being scarcely two hundred feet. When the walls and foundation stones were in condition to receive the feet of the Colossus, probably the width had been contracted to less than fifty.

Modern Rhodes is but a faint shadow of the imperial Rhodes of a remote antiquity, when the arts were encouraged, when commerce enriched the people and liberalized their sentiments by intercourse through the agency of an extensive mercantile marine, with other nations. Just laws were established, the State was strong in resources, and the power, the glory, and the institutions of this same degraded, humbled, poverty-stricken Rhodes, were celebrated over the remotest boundaries of the old world.

Although in the quaint but truthful language of the Bible, the land abideth forever, the revolutions upon its surface are among the most striking phenomena in the habitable sections of the world. Every country has its infancy, its meridian of strength and beauty, and the waning decrepitude of old age. Such has been the fate of the empires that have passed away. Rhodes was slowly developed, attained the highest renown, and then slowly declined. All this is brought about by the agency of man, and not through the unwillingness of nature to give seed time and harvest.

In the year 58, St. Paul visited Rhodes, on his voyage to Rome, which appears from the annals of that period to have then been a mart of extensive commercial relations; but nothing remains of that or even a far later date, illustrative of the magnificence of the public edifices, palaces, colonnades, baths, theatres, and hyppodromes, that once characterized the wealth, taste, and magnificence of the Rhodian advances in civilization.

A dissertation on the earliest condition of Rhodes, far back into the ages of mythological mysteries, is not contemplated. Before the Trojan war, however, a son of Hercules slew somebody, and for personal safety fled from Argos to this island, and commenced the settlement of a colony. He became the king, at last, ruling with a firm hand and justly. After the Trojan war, the Dorian language was introduced. When Homer lived, there were three great cities on the island, viz., Lindus, Camisus, and Tolysus. The sites of each are designated by villages, mean, filthy, and wretchedly degraded.

Rhodes, a fourth city, gradually increased, till it eclipsed the others. It was laid out skilfully by the architect Hippodamus, who constructed the Piræus—the once unrivalled harbor of Athens. One evidence of the enormous wealth to which the government attained when the new city became the capital of the whole island, is the circumstance that its statues equalled in number the population.

Incredible accounts of the splendor of Rhodes are the burden of the ancients. Among other relations, there were one hundred gigantic statues set up in various sections of the city. One, however, of universal celebrity, far exceeding any similar work of art in any other country, called the Colossus, was of cast brass, and dedicated to Apollo.

As before remarked, not a stone or remnant of a structure of the day of Rhodian glory can be found. No inscription aids the traveller to localities, either sacred or profane. A circumstantial description of the Colossus, before its destruction was completed, is as follows:

According to the most reliable accounts that have come down to us, the figure was somewhere between one hundred and five and one hundred and fifty feet tall. Pliny relates that the artist was one Chares. It remained astride the entrance into the little cove of the harbor, standing on two huge rocks, or stone platforms, just fifty-six years, when it was overturned by one of those earthquakes, distinguished for their suddenness and destructive violence, that still occasionally manifest their frightful energy. The region, for a circuit of more than sixty miles, appears to be the focus of intense volcanic activity.

Some idea of the stupendous magnitude and proportions of the Colossus of Rhodes may be formed from the statement of the Roman naturalist, viz., that few men could clasp round the thumb—while each finger was larger than the size of common statues. Being hollow, various parts of it were filled with immense quantities of stone, to keep it firmly in place. Twelve years were required, from the beginning, to the completion of this unsurpassed monument of ancient artistical skill.

Latterly a shade of doubt has been cast on the narrative so far as standing astride of the entrance to the harbor is concerned. When it fell, the prostrate brazen monster was on the dry ground. Had it have stood as represented, in falling the channel must have received the mighty figure. Reasoning in this manner, an

opinion prevails among travellers that the Colossus must have been erected on one side only, and could not have had a foot on both.

A fact of some consequence to be remembered in connection with this curious affair, is this, viz., that the statue remained in plain everyday sight to all eyes for the long term of nine hundred years. In the year 672, a Saracen caliph, Maowia, who had the control of Rhodes, sold it to a Jew. After being broken up, there were nine hundred camel loads of the fragments.

Great as have been the transactions on the territory of Rhodes, it is but a small theatre for the many and extraordinary exhibitions of human prowess that have been displayed upon it. In length it is thirty-six miles, by only eighteen in width—having a circumference of one hundred and forty. Of an irregular triangular shape, with a serrated coast, affording several pleasant, secure retreats for vessels, the interior is elevated, and the centre mountainous. One peak, higher than all others, is known as Mount Artamira. A more fertile soil has rarely fallen to the lot of cultivators. Rich valleys, splendid growths of wood of many varieties, and babbling streams to fertilize the land, with a profusion of the choicest fruits that refuse to die out, even under the vile rule of the oppressive Turkish administration, show the striking resources of Rhodes.

Any, and indeed all the elevations, a short distance from the beaches, are so many observatories, permitting the eye to range through a field of vision of unusual extent and beauty.

But with natural advantages scarcely equalled by the most favored spot in any country, Rhodes has been languishing under the severe rule of despotism, till nothing remains attractive to the stranger, or encouraging to the wretched creatures by which it is inhabited.

In the age of Xerxes the imperial government was destroyed, and a democracy took its place. While the republic endured, Rhodes became a strong power, whose independence was even acknowledged by Spain, where colonies were sent by them. During a profound peace, when society and trade were advancing with a degree of majesty that called forth the admiration of surrounding people, a woman, Artemeria, a bold queen of Caria, pounced upon the island as a tiger stealthily leaps from a jungle upon its prey, and seized the prize before the danger was apprehended.

Demosthenes advocated the cause of the conquered Rhodians, at Athens, and by his masterly oratorical influence they were subsequently restored to their civil rights and liberty.

Next, Alexander struck terror into the petit republic, and again the people took a heavy yoke upon their shoulders. By adroit political management, some concessions were made by the resistless destroyer of nations. When death conquered him who never before yielded to an earthly master, the republic was again re-organized with better prospects, and a well-grounded expectation of stability, notwithstanding a siege of a whole year, against a force of 35,000 soldiers.

After various struggles, internal treasons, and the assaults of tyrants without, at last came the Roman Emperor Vespasian, who humbled and crushed poor Rhodes into the dust. Thus it became a Roman province. When the empire was cut in twain, into Eastern and Western, it fell to the Eastern rulers. Next the Saracens took possession; the Genoese and Eastern emperors alternately called the island their own. All this while an ambitious, unflinching series of governors had conducted the administration of the revenues, and fortified the assailable points so long and thoroughly, that one of them openly defied the throne at Constantinople, and made himself a king.

At the commencement of 1306, Emanuel made a present of Rhodes to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who succeeded in expelling the indigenous monarch, but not till the metropolis had resisted for four years, before surrendering to the brave knights, August, 1510.

Nothing could have more desperately incensed the Turks, the sworn enemies of the knights, than to have them for neighbors. An immediate demonstration of hostilities ensued, sometimes in favor of one, and sometimes the other. But, in 1522, Solyman II. brought Rhodes under the crescent, where it has since remained, a poor, run down, exhausted, debased Mahommedan settlement, proud of its ignorance. Intolerance is mistaken by the inhabitants for piety, and to show how intensely they detest Christians, they would be willing to suffer rather than to be benefited by them.

Thus, in a condensed view, the eventful history of this memorable island has been given. Transactions of a momentous character have often agitated the multitudes of human beings who resided upon its exhaustless soil. Enlightened senates watched over the public safety, while they encouraged literature, the fine arts, and the elegances of a refined civilisation.

While in the tide of prosperity and political independence, the population must have exceeded a million and a half, if not two. This is an inference drawn from national resources; the activity of their fleets, commercial enterprises, influx of wealth, and well-directed powers of resistance to an invading foe.

With all these evidences of renown, the sun of its glory set in blood centuries ago. Under the surveillance of Turkey, it has been sinking lower and lower in the scale of humiliation. Literally, Rhodes is the emblem of poverty and a perverse national policy, hostile alike to trade and to happiness.

At farthest, it was the opinion of the British consul that the entire population of Rhodes does not exceed forty thousand—distributed through forty or fifty villages and hamlets. They are the least enlightened of the Sultan's hot-headed subjects. To such a degree do the inhabitants of the city, walled by the knights, and therefore the only secure place against the incursions of robbers and thieves, carry their antipathies against both Jews and Christians, that not a single individual of either denomination is permitted to remain within the gates over night. Even the consular agents are obliged to conform to this arbitrary measure.

A little to the north of the great towers of the knights, and on the northerly side of the small harbor, there is a cluster of tenements where the Europeans are principally congregated for traffic and residence—on one of which the British flag was flying at the extremity of a staff while we were there.

For many years the Greeks carried on a lucrative business in ship building, close to the city. Workmen came from remote islands for employment, and the craft launched annually gave a degree of activity that was on the increase till within a recent period, when the whole was abruptly abandoned in consequence of a decision of the divan that no vessel should in future be built that did not carry the Turkish flag, and was exclusively navigated by subjects of the Sultan.

Of course, the Greek mechanics would not comply with any such law. Their own country was emancipated from the bondage in which it had been held through generations of servitude, and not a man of them would remain. A change of policy, allowing the fine timber to be manufactured on the spot, would instantly infuse a new spirit into that benighted region; but no relaxation is likely to follow, till Turkey herself shall fall.

With capabilities in the agricultural resources of the island for sustaining a million; with grain, fruits, oil, wine, metals, marble, timber, plank, boards, cattle, etc., for exportation, to an incalculable amount, the present forty thousand inhabitants find it difficult to procure a scanty subsistence. Should any one practise industry, harvest a crop, or gather property, the legitimate reward of enterprise, it would invite the immediate action of the pasha. He would be stripped of his earnings, and might lose his head besides.

A vessel cannot be constructed throughout the dominions of Turkey, till whoever entertains the intention of doing so first obtains a firman at Constantinople, granting permission. Months, and even years, sometimes pass away before the urgent request is officially acknowledged. Thus all energy is paralyzed by hope deferred, and Turkey in the future, therefore, is a problem of difficult solution.

THE END.

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